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RUSSIAN AND GERMAN FRONTIER GUARDS EXCHANGING FIRE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Among the impassioned struggles for freedom that are going on in all directions, and which render "a body at rest" a spectacle not to be beheld outside the world of mathematics, there is a movement afoot for freeing our wives from their husbands' names. How they could have borne them so long without being conscious of the degradation is, indeed, a sickening thought, and shows what generation after generation of slavery will effect; but now that it has become one of the points of the charter of Woman's Rights, ignorance can no more be pleaded in extenuation of submission. Some women will be sorry, because their family plate and linen are marked with a single name, which will have to be erased or unpicked; but these are poor creatures, who trouble themselves with "matters of the house"—mere grovellers, who have no "platform," nor, perhaps, have ever seen one, and whose notion is that their chief duty in life is to make their husband and children happy. "Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded, spiritless outcasts," they little know what the heroines of their sex are doing for them—though also, and more particularly, for themselves. For this "indignant cry from universal womanhood" mainly proceeds, it seems, from ladies who have made themselves famous under their maiden names, and are loth to merge their personal identity in that of those very inferior creatures, their husbands. I wonder, if one of them were to marry a Peer, whether she would spurn his pinchbeck title, and retain that nobler one which genius, eloquence, or judicious advertisement has won for her from the world at large? Perhaps we may dismiss that case upon the ground of very high improbability; but if a mere miserable man may be allowed a word upon this retention of their maiden name by married ladies, I perceive at least one argument against it. Are there not mistakes enough already made at every dinner-party—trespasses ignorantly committed against our fair neighbour, but which, when reflected upon in the silent watches of the night, turn us cold with horror—without *this* new source of misunderstanding? Often and often have I insisted upon it, that no table can be properly arranged without having at the back of your neighbour's name-card her biography in miniature—only the chief points, of course, but enough of it to render malapropos remarks practically impossible ("Tastes æsthetic; many changes of faith; *divorcée*; husband hung," and so on; with any other little peculiarities of her position). Even *then* there would doubtless be regrettable observations, "if you open your mouth at all (to use a vulgar phrase), it is ten to one you put your foot in it;" and think, if, in addition to all the dangers that at present beset dinner conversation, your lady is to masquerade under a name different from that of her husband opposite! Suppose one said (as one does, you know, when one gets confidential), "Now, I wonder whether any woman *could* marry that man?" or, "If that man were the only one in the world, could *you*?" How much worse than merely flat such a remark would fall!

There has been a great sensation about thirteen trumps being held in one hand; I have played at whist on every "lawful day" for forty years and have never seen it happen. We are now told it has "often" happened, but not often at home; it requires a tropical climate for such an extraordinary development. I have seen twelve trumps held in one hand again and again; but they were always put there. It was a favourite practical joke at the University. If a man left the room the other men would sometimes agree to deal him a hand that would astonish him. It did. But the great fun is, I am told, to furnish, by arrangement, a gentleman who is playing poker with a hand that cannot be beaten. Then you see to what lengths it is possible for a human being to carry duplicity. He looks wretched; but ventures to back himself for a small stake. Everybody does the same, and gradually increases his venture. The fortunate one also thinks he will risk a little more. His friends do not know which to admire most, his hesitation at first, or his hardihood afterwards. When he imagines he has won a thousand pounds or so, he is presented with a document, signed by all present, which admits him into the secret. He is generally a little disappointed, and sometimes cross; but the "happiness of the greatest number" is secured.

As to these thirteen trumps in a single hand, I have not a word to say, either against it or the veracity of card-players generally; but, amongst other advantages, there is no doubt that the practice stimulates the imagination. Southey, who was quite free from prejudice in the matter, and couldn't even call a spade a spade of his own knowledge, has embalmed a curious anecdote upon the subject. A party of respectable persons, who knew they were doing wrong, left the Opera House on Saturday night to attend the faro-table at Mrs. Start's. In the middle of their game—and, of course, after midnight—they heard a thunder-clap and felt a slight shock of an earthquake. *That* didn't stop them; but presently the clubs became the colour of blood, and the hearts, black, when they thought it high time to leave off. This happened nearly a hundred years ago, in 1776, and has not, I believe, occurred since.

M. Pasteur, who if he has not "gone up like a rocket and come down like the stick," is certainly not the success he was once thought to be, has taken a new departure: having failed to convince the world that a hair of the dog that bit you is a remedy if the dog is mad, he has given himself up to hospitality. It is difficult, however, for an apostle of vivisection to become genial all in a moment. His first dinner was given the other day, I read, to a number of rabbits, fowls, sheep, and other animals—to whom he certainly owed something. The *menu* consisted of a variety of dishes, all of them seasoned with microbes of chicken cholera, and the object of the entertainment was to see the rabbits and fowls succumb to this fare, while the others were none the worse for it. By this he hopes to prove that his scheme for destroying all the rabbits

in Australia by inoculating them with a virulent and hereditary disease will succeed, and gain him the £25,000 offered for their extirpation. As the Laureate once wrote when asked to express his admiration of a certain poet, "I dare not say what I think of this gentleman." Curiously enough Dr. Darwin (the first), in his "Temple of Nature," suggests a scheme for the extirpation of rats in England by importing from America some which were suffering from tapeworm to infect them. That was bad enough; but perhaps it was "only his fun" (for the family were full of it) and, besides, rats are not rabbits.

Pathetic appeals have been lately made about the incumbrance of the parish of Eskdale, in the Lake District, in connection with its small stipend, which is under a hundred a year. The cure, no doubt, is far from a perfect one, and would be accepted by no one on the grounds of finance; but it is amazing, considering the beauty of the locality and its excessive retirement, that to some persons—fit though few—it should not have been thought desirable on that very account. A small portion of every class who have means of their own, including the clergy, would, one would have thought, have had tastes in this direction; but it does not seem to have been the case. I have traversed Eskdale more than once (though, it must be confessed, in summer), and it seemed a Paradise without a serpent, and with only about a dozen Adams and Eves. Its neighbour valley, the Duddon, had in the last century a famous parson. The income of his curacy (Seathwaite) was originally £17 *per annum*, only £14 of which was paid in cash. He would not take another (and smaller) benefice in his neighbourhood "lest he should be suspected of cupidity." He had eight children, and though most open-handed and charitable, he left amongst them £2000, earned not by fleecing his flock, but by teasing and spinning wool. He had an unfortunate name (Walker), but his story is perfectly true and can be read in the notes to Wordsworth's sonnets on the Duddon.

A pretty and, I hope (but one never knows), novel story comes from Monte Carlo. A young gentleman in delicate health is sent there in charge of his father's butler, who is strictly enjoined to look after him. The invalid feels better in the Sunny South, and totters into the gambling-rooms; sits down from weakness, and then (from weakness also) thinks he will try his luck at the tables. He wins, largely, immensely; he is very happy but rather hectic; tries his luck the next day and is even more fortunate; still happier, but much more hectic. He is killing himself, but he doesn't care: he will die rich. On the third morning he wakes to find all his winnings (£3000), besides all the money he has in his purse and all his personal jewellery, have been stolen by the butler, who has fled into space. He has not a franc left even to get to England with. Very hectic (and also very unhappy) he telegraphs to his father for funds, who, justly indignant, only sends him enough to pay his hotel bill and buy his railway ticket. His feelings on the journey are easier to imagine than describe, so I leave them out. On his arrival at home, the first person to welcome him with open arms is the butler! That faithful retainer had taken the only course to save his beloved young master from moral and physical ruin; and the curtain falls on a united family—and household.

The mention of Monte Carlo reminds me of a pleasant little novel. It is the theory of the day that to abuse a book is criticism, but to praise it is log-rolling. I am going to roll the log. I don't know the author—don't even know whether he is an Englishman or an American—but he has written a capital story, "Mr. Barnes of New York." "Most people" have read it—which means about one thousandth of the population; I recommend it to the others. It combines wit and sensation in a way that is very unusual in a "shilling shocker." The story is not so good at the end as at the beginning; but whose is? I feel always under an obligation when anybody tells me of a book worth reading; and the case is the same, I suppose, with my fellow-creatures. If this is log-rolling, I am sorry—but it is really the only exercise which in this weather I dare take.

It must be very dreadful for a little boy who is a genius to be "overworked and worn out" by playing on the piano; and it reflects great credit upon the good people who have discovered it to subscribe £20,000 to induce him to give it up. (They would subscribe something, I think, to me, and with the same object, if they could hear *me* play.) Still, one can't help thinking of the thousands and ten thousands of poor children who are "overworked and worn out" by other instruments—not so musical; machines)—and for whose relief no dollars are subscribed. Josef Hoffmann—to whom I wish nothing but good, and the legitimate reward of his magnificent talents—is not, alas! though it would seem to be so, the only child who claims our pity. It is curious how an individual in a prominent position will arouse the sympathy which remains dormant as regards all others of his class. So it was once with a Dauphin of France. "The poor boy, hidden in a tower of the Temple," writes the most graphic of historians, "from which, in his fright and bewilderment and early decrepitude, he wishes not to stir out, lies perishing, 'his shirt not changed for six months,' amid squalor, darkness, lamentably—so as none but poor factory children and the like are used to perish, and *not* to be lamented."

At Chesapeake Bay, in Maryland, we are told, oysters pass as current money and editors receive subscriptions in them instead of in dollars. In Chesapeake circles editors are pitied on this account, and thought to be ill-remunerated, and 200 bushels of bivalves is considered a small salary. At the present London prices it would be a princely revenue, if turned into cash. I am an oyster-lover myself; but, from circumstances over which (though small ones) I have no control, I have long ceased to be an oyster-eater—at my own expense. Some people say, when they are balancing one invitation against another, "Will there be a Lord to meet me, or a Member of the

Cabinet?" or, "Will there be improving conversation, and a word in season from the Bishop?" But I have long got over all those weaknesses, and simply say to myself, "Will there be oysters?" and where they are most likely to be, I go. There are some people—which proves that there is Beneficent Design—who don't like oysters; and not even an unprofessional beauty can be compared, in my eyes, with such a neighbour; it is not a question of six of one and half a dozen of the other—but of half a dozen and a dozen. Some hosts—and these are Nature's noblemen—give one eight oysters before dinner, which, under the favourable circumstances above alluded to, may become sixteen. How shocking it is to reflect that the Chesapeake editor gets so much too much of oysters, and that I get so much too little! Of course they are imported; but the fact is, they don't bear travel. Out of six American oysters in England five have no taste whatever and the sixth is *too* æsthetic. One doesn't forget him for months; and, what is especially fiendish, the recollection of him spoils one's relish for good oysters.

One of the strongest arguments, ever used in a bad cause, against international copyright is the statement, hitherto uncontradicted, that, in case of its being granted, English books would become dear to American buyers. Mr. Mark Twain's publisher, however, informs me that, though he has paid that author many thousand pounds for his English rights—a sum, in fact, as great, perhaps, as English authors have received from American publishers since the world began—his works are sold in England at prices varying from two shillings to seven and sixpence; whereas they are sold in the United States at from eight to sixteen shillings. The pirates tell us they have nailed their colours to the mast—let them put *that* on their flag.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice—Prince Henry having left Windsor by an earlier train—arrived at Paddington at 11.40 on Thursday morning, Feb. 23. Notwithstanding the wintry weather, the Royal party drove from the station in open carriages, escorted by a detachment of the Household Cavalry, to Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty invested the Maharajah of Kuch-Bihar with the Insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Indian Empire in the afternoon, Viscount Cross, G.C.B., being in attendance as Secretary of State for India. Princesses Bamba, Catherine, Sophy, and Prince Edward Dhuleep Singh visited the Queen; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Oliphant, who accompanied them, were received by her Majesty. The Queen visited the Duchess of Cambridge at St. James's Palace. The Duchess of Albany arrived at the palace. The Princess of Wales and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales dined with the Queen. The Duchess of Buccleuch, Mistress of the Robes, had the honour of being invited. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Duchess of Albany went to the Lyceum Theatre in the evening.

Her Majesty held the first Drawingroom of the season at Buckingham Palace on Feb. 24. The Queen, accompanied by the Princess of Wales and the other members of the Royal family, entered the Throne Room shortly after three o'clock.

Her Majesty wore a train and bodice of black brocade silk, trimmed with jet over a black silk skirt draped with tulle and trimmed with jet. Her Majesty wore a white tulle veil surmounted by a coronet of diamonds, a necklace and earrings of large diamonds, and the Koh-i-Noor as a brooch. Orders: The Ribbon and Star of the Order of the Garter, Crown of India, Louise of Prussia, St. Catherine of Russia, the Spanish and Portuguese Orders, the Hessian Order of the Gold Lion, the Saxe-Coburg Gotha family order, and the Bulgarian Red Cross.

The Princess of Wales wore a train of a lovely shade of mignonette and gold brocade lined gold-satin, over a dress of a darker shade of Lyons velvet and brocade, with volants of beautiful Irish point lace, looped with plumes of feathers and bows of gold ribbon. Corsage to correspond. Head-dress: A tiara of diamonds, feathers, and veil. Ornaments: Pearls, emeralds, and diamonds. Orders: Victoria and Albert, the Crown of India, St. Catherine of Russia, the Jubilee Commemoration Medal, and the Danish family order.

Princess Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenberg, wore a dress of pale amethyst poul-de-soie, with a bodice and train of Oriental and gold brocade. Head-dress: Feathers, veil, and a diamond tiara, with stars, jewels, pearls, and emeralds. Orders: Victoria and Albert, the Crown of India, the Royal Red Cross, the Hessian and the Saxe-Coburg and Gotha family order.

Princess Louise of Wales wore a train of an exquisite shade of pale rose-coloured brocade, edged with tulle. Jupe of tulle over faille looped on one side with a large bunch of snowdrops tied with loops of rose-coloured ribbons. Corsage of the brocade trimmed to correspond. Ornaments: Pearls, diamonds, and rubies. Orders: Victoria and Albert, Crown of India, Jubilee Commemoration Medal.

The Duchess of Albany wore a dress of rich Lyons black velvet and train lined and trimmed with white satin, white feathers and veil. Ornaments: Diamonds and pearls. Orders: Victoria and Albert, Crown of India, Jubilee Medal, Royal Red Cross, St. John of Jerusalem, Coburg Gotha.

The Diplomatic Circle was attended by most of the foreign Ministers, and several presentations were made. The General Circle was attended by the Archbishop of Canterbury and most of her Majesty's Ministers. Presentations to the Queen were made to the number of 107, the names having been previously left at the Lord Chamberlain's office, and submitted for her Majesty's approval.

Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, left Buckingham Palace by the garden gate in the afternoon for a drive in Hyde Park. Her Majesty, who was cordially greeted, appeared in excellent health, and showed no signs of fatigue after the Drawingroom. She returned to Buckingham Palace at six o'clock.

The Queen left Buckingham Palace at a quarter to five o'clock on Saturday evening, Feb. 25, and arrived at Windsor shortly before six o'clock. Her Majesty and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service in the private chapel at Windsor on Sunday morning, Feb. 26. The Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Rev. Edgar Shephard, M.A., Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, officiated. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein visited her Majesty in the afternoon. The German Ambassador, the Austrian Ambassador and Countess Karolyi, the Spanish Ambassador, and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff arrived at Windsor Castle in the evening on a visit to the Queen, and were included in the Royal dinner-party. On Monday Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein dined with her Majesty. The Austrian Ambassador and Countess Karolyi, the German and Spanish Ambassadors, the Lord Steward, the Earl of Mount-Edgumbe, and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff had the honour of again dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff was introduced to her Majesty's presence before dinner by Earl Waldegrave, Lord-in-Waiting, and kissed hands on his appointment as Minister to Persia. Mr. J. Haynes-Williams has had the honour of exhibiting to her Majesty fifteen of his paintings representing the interior of the Palace of Fontainebleau.

The *Gazette* announces that the Queen will hold a Drawingroom at Buckingham Palace, on Friday, March 9; and that the Prince of Wales will hold a Levée at St. James's Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, on Wednesday, March 7.

MUSIC.

The return of the eminent pianist, Madame Schumann, like that of Herr Joachim, is always a matter of anxious expectation and of enthusiastic welcome, each artist having for many seasons been recognised here as standing at the head of all interpreters of what is grand and elevated in musical composition. In grace and delicacy they may, perhaps, be equalled—though not surpassed—by some other performers; but in the realisation of the highest order of musical thought, as in the works of Bach and Beethoven especially, the two great artists now referred to are generally acknowledged to be without an equal. Much disappointment was recently felt at the announcement that Madame Schumann had, on account of her health, relinquished her intention of visiting England this season. Proportionately great, therefore, was the later intelligence that she had changed her decision in order to fulfil her engagements with the Popular Concerts and the Philharmonic Society—not to mention other quarters in which the great pianist will probably be heard. Madame Schumann's earliest reappearance was at the Popular Concert at St. James's Hall, on Monday evening, Feb. 27, when the crowded state of the room and the enthusiasm of the audience testified to the undiminished estimation in which she is held. The solo set down for her in the programme was Beethoven's sonata entitled "Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour," which was admirably rendered, alike in its passages of tenderness and grace as in those of declamatory passion—the pianist's powers in each respect being as excellent as ever. Beethoven's elaborate string quartet in C sharp minor, finely played by Herr Joachim and MM. L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Mozart's Divertimento in E flat (for strings); and vocal pieces charmingly sung by Miss L. Lehmann, completed an interesting programme.—At the afternoon concert of the previous Saturday Mlle. Janotha was the pianist, and gave very refined renderings of Chopin's "Barcarolle" and "Berceuse." A movement from one of Spohr's violin duets was finely played by Herr Joachim, and vocal pieces were expressively sung by Miss Hamlin, other items not requiring specification. Madame Schumann was announced for the afternoon Popular Concert of Saturday, March 3, and for the evening concert of March 5.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata, "The Golden Legend," as already briefly mentioned, was performed at the fourth of the present series of Novello's Oratorio Concerts at St. James's Hall. The principal solo vocalists were Mesdames Nordica and Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. W. Mills; the few passages assigned to the Forester having been well rendered by Mr. F. Olive. In these respects, and in the choral and orchestral details, the performance, conducted by Dr. Mackenzie, was a very fine one. The concert now referred to included an overture composed by Mr. Oliver King, who conducted its performance. The work contains some good contrasts of style, and is cleverly scored for the orchestra.

The performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" by the Sacred Harmonic Society at St. James's Hall (on Thursday evening, Feb. 23) was the last concert but one of the present series. The principal solo vocalists were Misses Pauline Cramer, A. Larkcom, and Alice Suter; Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. The oratorio was rendered with great general efficiency, conducted by Mr. Cummings, and attracted a very large attendance. The next concert, on March 27, will be devoted to Mr. Cowen's oratorio, "Ruth"; and the series will be supplemented by a conversazione at Prince's Hall and in the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts, at St. James's Hall, are approaching the end of their twenty-second season; the last but one of the ensuing performances having taken place on Feb. 29. At the previous concert (an afternoon performance) Mr. Sims Reeves appeared, after an indisposition resulting from the influence of the severe weather, and sang, with his wonted effect, Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Sigh no more, ladies"; other charming vocal pieces by the same composer having been included in the programme, to which Madame Antoinette Sterling, Misses M. Davies, Gomes, and Rees, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Maybrick, and the excellent choir associated with these concerts, contributed. Violin solos, played by Madame Norman-Néruda, formed an agreeable contrast to the vocal music.

"The Strolling Players" (an amateur orchestral society) gave an evening concert at St. James's Hall on Feb. 25, when a symphony by Gouvy and other instrumental pieces were well executed under the able direction of Mr. Pollitzer, in the absence of Mr. N. Megone, the regular conductor.

Mr. J. A. Dykes' pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall, on Feb. 24—briefly mentioned in our last Number—consisted entirely of his own performances of a selection of music by Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Raff, and Rubinstein. Mr. Dykes' mechanical powers are of a high order, and give promise of great excellence. His execution of Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue was especially good. Another pianoforte recital was that of Mr. H. Lindo, announced for Feb. 27, at Steinway Hall. Still another recital was that of the clever young pianist, Mlle. Jeanne Douste, at Prince's Hall, on Feb. 29.

"Judith," an oratorio, composed by Dr. Jacob Bradford, was performed at St. James's Hall, on Feb. 28, in aid of the chapel and organ fund of the Royal Naval School. There were a band and chorus, numbering some three hundred performers, and the principal solo vocalists were Misses Anna Williams and Hope Glenn, Mr. B. Lane (vice Mr. C. Banks), Mr. L. Fryer, Mr. F. King, and Mr. Brereton: the composer having conducted the performance. The oratorio is laid out on a large scale, each of its two divisions comprising many choruses and pieces for solo voices. Our comments on the music are unavoidably deferred.

St. David's Day was celebrated by one of Mr. William Carter's National Festival Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall, among the vocalists announced having been the young lady named "Nikita," the romantic history of whose career among savages was narrated in reference to her former appearance in London.

Madame Christine Nilsson (now Countess de Miranda) will, it is stated, appear at two concerts this season—the first at St. James's Hall, the other at the Royal Albert Hall—under the direction of Mr. Kuhe, these being her final adieux to the public, with the exception of her probable future appearances for charitable purposes.

At a meeting of the committee of the Royal Academy of Music—recently held—the election of Principal of the institution, in place of the late Sir G. A. Macfarren, took place. The choice ultimately lay between Mr. Barnby and Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, other candidates, including Mr. Walter Macfarren and Mr. F. H. Cowen, having retired. Dr. Mackenzie was elected. It would have been impossible to find anyone better qualified for worthy fulfilment of the office in every respect—as a distinguished musician, practical and theoretical; an experienced teacher, a clear-headed man of business, and an indefatigable worker. Mr. Cowen's withdrawal was owing to his having accepted an important and lucrative colonial engagement, as musical director of the Melbourne Centennial Exhibition, which will necessitate a long absence from England. The

choice between Dr. Mackenzie and Mr. Barnby was a somewhat difficult one—each gentleman presenting so many special qualifications for the office for which either would have been amply qualified, both having gained eminence as composers and practical musicians; and each having had great experience as instructors in the art. Had Mr. Barnby been chosen, he would have been no pecuniary gainer in the relinquishment of the lucrative post which he now holds as Precentor and Music-Master at Eton College. He has resigned the post of conductor at the Royal Academy.

A testimonial has been promoted at Liverpool as a tribute to the many and high merits of Madame Marie Roze, who has been so valuable a member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company there, as well as in London and elsewhere. It is now some sixteen years since this excellent prima donna first appeared in England, at Her Majesty's Theatre, after a very youthful career of success at Paris in the refined style of opéra comique. In the music of her native country, in that of Italy; and in English opera, whether original or adapted, Madame Marie Roze has maintained an undiminished popularity here and abroad; and the tribute originated in Liverpool is well timed, being on the eve of the approaching departure from England of the popular prima-donna.

It is intended by the Carl Rosa Opera Company (Limited) to erect a theatre in London for the permanent performance of English opera here. It is expected to open the theatre during the present year.

THE SHAN STATES OF UPPER BURMAH.

Two columns of our troops are now operating in the northern and southern Shan States—one marching from Mandalay, the other from Fort Stedman—their object being to open the way for a delimitation of the Burmah-Chinese frontier. On Dec. 23 the northern Shan column, under command of Major Yates, R.A., consisting of two guns of a battery of the Royal Artillery, fifty of the 2nd Royal Munster Fusiliers, a hundred of the 43rd Ghorka Light Infantry, fifty of the 10th Bengal Light Infantry, and twenty-five Mounted Infantry arrived at Theebaw, the capital of a large and independent province, under the rule of a Tswabaw, which had the honour of lending a name to the ex-King Theebaw of Burmah. It had been anticipated that this Tswabaw would offer resistance; but he welcomed the British with open arms, and, attended by his wives and children, ministers, maids-of-honour, and umbrellas, came out from his palace to receive them. The scene is represented in our Illustration. The column is pushing on towards the Chinese frontier, and is passing through a country hitherto practically unexplored. It is hoped that the result of its operations will be beneficial to British interests in Burmah, and will serve to extend commerce in that remote district. Further news of the movements of the column may shortly be expected. It is thought there will be some resistance in the neighbourhood of Namlu and on the Namchow River, and the Tswabaw himself is threatened by the petty rulers of adjacent States. Our Illustration is from a sketch by Lieutenant A. E. Congdon, 2nd Royal Munster Fusiliers.

THE LOW-WOOD HOTEL, WINDERMERE.

The south wing of this hotel, a noted resort of lake tourists, was destroyed by fire, on Feb. 23, through an accident arising from the incautious airing of bedding. The favourable direction of the wind, the prompt assistance of neighbours, and the abundance of the water supply account for the non-destruction of the whole building. As it is, matters will be put right and repairs effected before the advent of the summer season. Low-wood is situated close to the borders of the lake, between Bowness and Ambleside. It is one of the best of the really good hotels to be found in the beautiful Lake district, and is especially preferred by newly-married couples, who find in this quiet place, on the shores of the beautiful lake, a pleasant retirement from the gay world during their happy "honeymoon."

The Bishop of Peterborough has forwarded a second subscription of £100 to the Clergy Distress Fund.

It was stated in the annual report presented to the Albert Hall Corporation on Feb. 27 that there was an excess of expenditure over income last year of £4888. The expenditure for the current year was estimated at £7338, and it was proposed to levy a seat-rate of £2 per seat.

The committee of the Islington Jubilee Fund have paid over a further sum of £2000 (making £4000 altogether) to the new building fund of the Great Northern Central Hospital. The new hospital, which is in the Holloway-road, is shortly to be opened.

Sir W. W. Hunter, in an address on "The Religions of India," before the Society of Arts, spoke hopefully of the future progress of Christianity in that empire, expressing the opinion that, if it is to be an unmixt blessing to the people, it must be on the basis of total abstinence, and must recognise historical native institutions, especially the agricultural communities.

We have received from Messrs. Kerr, Stuart, and Co., engineers, the following note, to which we readily give insertion:—"We notice in your issue of last week the production of a new play by the Messrs. Douglass at the National Standard Theatre, in which a locomotive is used, that you state it does not cross the stage, and is almost stationary. This is incorrect; and we would respectfully point out, in justice to ourselves as the suppliers of the permanent-way, waggons, and locomotive, that the locomotive does cross the stage, not only once, but many times."

Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

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MESSRS. INGRAM BROTHERS, 193, Strand, London.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

As I predicted last week, the Drawingroom on Feb. 24 was one of the smallest on record. The next one, on March 9, promises, on the contrary, to be unusually large for a before-Easter Drawingroom. Last Friday was a day of exceptionally severe weather. It might have occurred on purpose to show the barbarity of the arrangements. It was the coldest day that has been known in February in London for fifteen years; the temperature here was positively twelve degrees lower than it was on the same day in Aberdeen and Stornoway, while a biting north-east wind blew the snow showers along like the fine dust on a sandy shore in summer. On such a day it was impossible to keep the carriage windows even partially down. Imagine the atmosphere in a closed brougham after it has been occupied for two hours by two or three women, each carrying a bouquet of heavily-scented blossoms! Imagine the cruel wind searching through the crevices, and finding its way to imperfectly-protected lungs and feet; for the fragile and costly gowns must not be crushed beneath the heavy rugs and warm furs that would be taken into the carriage if the costume were an ordinary thick, cosy visiting-gown. What physical hardship! What risks of future suffering and permanent mischief!

No wonder that men who see this feminine devotion to an ideal of fashionable duty think that women can scarcely be reasoning beings. Her Majesty's good sense and willingness to admit reforms in customs that have only precedent to justify them, are such as to cause surprise that she has not in the course of her reign either abolished the daylight Drawingroom altogether or confined it to the early summer months. The present practice about these Royal receptions is, indeed, quite modern. Queen Charlotte used to hold her Drawingrooms very frequently—as often as fortnightly during the season—at St. James's Palace; so that they did not imply the overcrowding which leads now to the long wait in the park, or the necessity of going on a fixed date, whatever the weather, which the rarity of the occasion now imposes on those who hold themselves bound to attend once in each year.

At the Drawingrooms on the King's and Queen's birthdays, in the last century, however, "everybody who was anybody" was in a way obliged to attend; and on these occasions it was etiquette for all present to appear in new clothes. This implies that brand-new gowns were by no means *de rigueur* at the ordinary receptions of her Majesty Queen Charlotte. There is, it is true, no absolute rule now-a-days that a dress must be donned for the first time in going to Court, and never worn there again. Occasionally, no doubt, a courageous woman alters the garniture of her last year's gown and wears it a second time. But, broadly speaking, a new dress is required now for each attendance at a Drawingroom. On the whole, it seems that Queen Charlotte's plan was much to be preferred to the present from every point of view, except perhaps that of the Royal lady on whom the fatigue falls heavily.

The death of Dr. Anna Kingsford removes a remarkable and interesting personality from the ranks of what are commonly called "strong-minded" women. She was interesting, especially, as a striking refutation of the delusion (nearly extinct already, I hope, but vigorous and widespread twenty years ago) that a learned lady and an advocate of "woman's rights" must needs be personally ungainly and unattractive; "social failures," as a polite M.P. once observed; or, as it used to be said by lads in debating societies, "Women's rights are wanted only by men's lefts." Mrs. Kingsford was so rarely beautiful and personally attractive that perhaps these very qualities made her a little perilous to "the cause" in the opposite way from that suggested by the gallant critics quoted. As I first knew her, when she was twenty-five years old, she was the most lovely woman I have ever seen; golden hair crowning an oval face, with small, refined features, and a dazzling complexion. She was already a vegetarian; and her scientific studies, which she had not then commenced, only confirmed her in this practice.

Mrs. Kingsford took her medical degree at Paris in 1880, and made the desirability of a vegetable diet the subject of her "thèse du doctorat." The Paris M.D. is an exceedingly difficult degree to obtain. The examinations extend over a vast range of subjects; they are all *viva voce*, and are carried on (of course, in French) in the presence of a large audience; so that the ordeal to a lady was no trifling one; but Mrs. Kingsford passed through it triumphantly. Her scientific standing made her a peculiarly powerful opponent of vivisection. She did not believe in it as a scientific adjunct, and she hated it from the humanitarian point of view. She was a great lover of animals. From the time that she learned how cruelly the seals and other animals are treated in capturing their skins, she refused to wear fur; and she even went so far as to decline to use leather, because animals must die violently to provide man with this convenience. She substituted some vegetable fibre for the soles of her boots, and wore only silk gloves. How far this rejection of the ordinary means of protecting the human frame against the weather by borrowing from the lower animals might be responsible for her illness, I cannot say. She caught cold last year in visiting, as a severe critic, the laboratory of M. Pasteur. She walked there in the snow, and got her feet wet; and, staying for some time at the place in this state, she contracted inflammation of the lungs. Instead of recovering from this, she passed into a pulmonary consumption, from which she died at the relatively early age of forty. Mrs. Kingsford leaves one daughter.

All the great railway companies have made returns to the Board of Trade of the extent to which special "ladies' carriages" are used by women travelling alone; and in every case, the report is that such carriages are unpopular. The exceedingly rare instances of assault in railway-carriages have not persuaded us to regard men at large as wild animals, with whom it is unsafe to trust ourselves. A pretty state of society we should be in, truly, if it were necessary for the safety of women that the sexes should be separated on railway journeys! If it were so, we had better take to the zenana system at once. But we all know that nothing of the kind is the case. The occasional risks of meeting a lunatic are trifling; and as to the bold, bad, irrepressible men of whom there is so much talk, most of us are fortunate enough not to encounter them in reality. A self-respecting lady, who keeps her eyes in order and behaves with modesty and discretion, may, it is my firm conviction and my experience, travel incessantly, on foot or by rail, as safely as Moore's famous damsel in her gowns "rich and rare." Men, even of the objectionable class, do not force their insolent addresses where they perceive that they are genuinely unwelcome; and even a young girl, by a decided look or word, at once can silence such offenders, who, after all, are rarely met. On the positive side, ladies' carriages are found uncomfortable because they are overfilled by the guard, and because they frequently contain babies or older children, whose incessant fidgeting—poor mites!—under circumstances so very unnatural to them, adds greatly to the fatigue of the journey to their fellow-passengers.

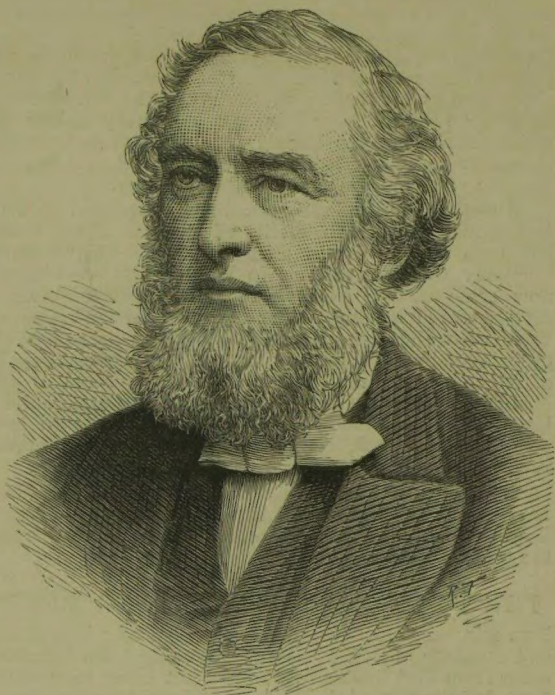
FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

THE LATE REV. DR. JELLETT.

The Rev. John Hewitt Jellett, D.D., Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, who died recently, was seventy years of age. He was educated at Trinity College, and became a Fellow in 1840. In 1848 he was appointed to the chair of Natural Philosophy, and in 1868 a Commissioner of National Education. A year later, the Royal Irish Academy elected him president; and in 1879, on the death of Dr. Luby, he was chosen by the Senior Fellows of Trinity College a member of their Board. Two years afterwards the Provost, Dr. Humphrey Lloyd, died, and was succeeded by Dr. Jellett. Since the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland, he had taken an active part in the General Synod. He wrote "A Treatise on the Calculus of Variations," "A Treatise on Friction," and papers on pure and applied mathematics, as well as theological essays, "The Moral Difficulties of the Old Testament" and "The Efficacy of Prayer."

A terrible accident happened on the river at Cambridge on Feb. 24, Mr. E. T. Campbell, who was in the Clare College boat, being killed by the nose of the Trinity Hall boat running into his ribs and bursting his heart.

The annual meeting of the Press Association was held on Feb. 25 at the Society of Arts, Mr. Hyde Clarke in the chair. During the past three years nearly £4000 had been distributed among necessitous members and their families. After some discussion, the consideration of the report and other business was adjourned for a month.—The fourth annual conference of the National Association of Journalists was held on the same day at Newcastle, in the Council Chamber of the City Hall. Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P., presided, and, in moving the adoption of the report, strongly urged the value and importance of establishing an institute and placing journalism on a broad, sound footing as an organised profession.



THE LATE REV. DR. JELLETT,
PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

FIRE AND ICE AT MONTREAL.

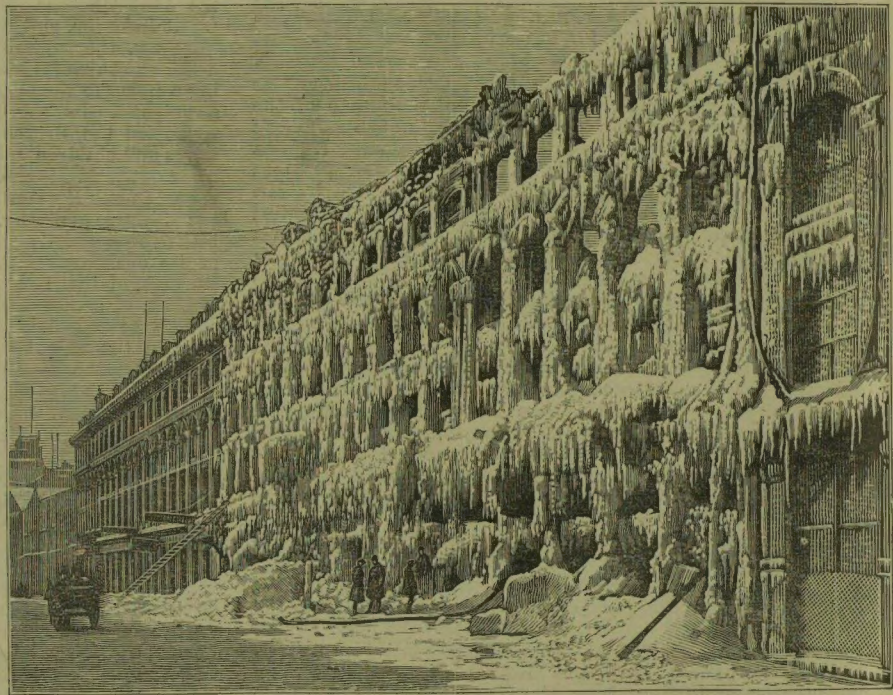
A curious sight was beheld at the large fire which destroyed three extensive buildings in the city of Montreal, Canada, the artistic furniture warehouse of Mr. Lavigne, that of Mr. Menard, hat and cap block manufacturer, and the coffee-mills of Messrs. Bourgeau and Herron, in St. James-street. The thermometer standing at 14 deg. below zero, the water poured on the buildings from several powerful engines was immediately frozen, and hung in huge icicles over the front of the burning shops and houses, as is shown in our illustration. The hose also became frozen, and the engines were, for a time, rendered useless; the ladders which the firemen ascended were fixed by the ice, and could not be shifted without thawing them out by hot water. The premises, with their valuable contents, were quickly destroyed by the fire, and 200,000 dols. is the estimated amount of the damage.

Lord Cranbrook received a deputation recently from fifteen School Boards, who asked for some changes to be made in the Technical Education Bill. The President of the Council advised the deputation, if they did not get all they wanted, to be content with a beginning. The Bill would be introduced as soon as possible, and the Government intended, if they could, to pass it into law.

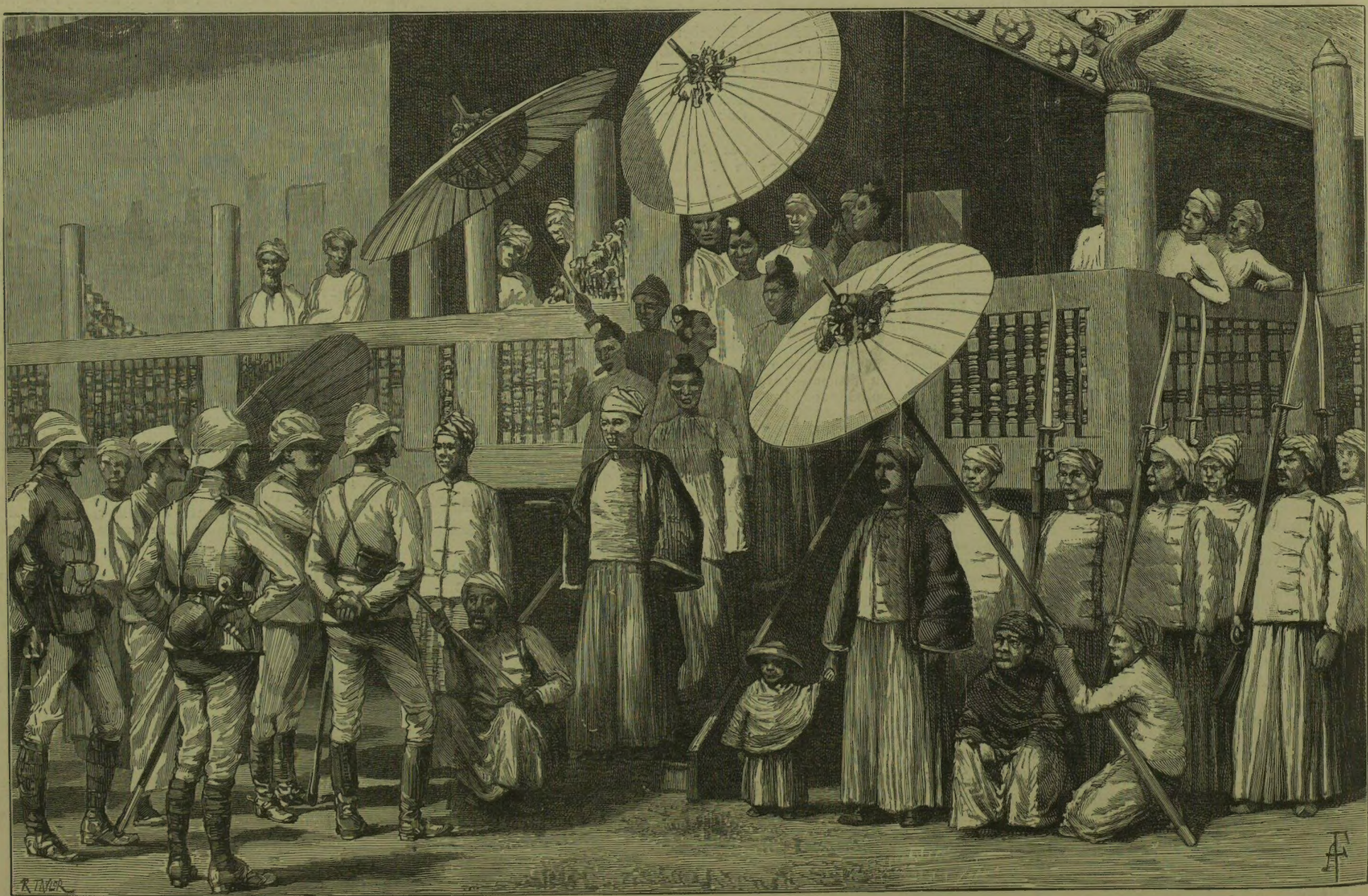
The Archbishop of Canterbury presided on Feb. 23 at the annual court of the governors of the Clergy Orphan Corporation, held at the offices of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The efficiency of the schools was shown by ten honourable distinctions gained by pupils, including five scholarships at Oxford and one exhibition at Cambridge. One of the girls had obtained a Newnham scholarship of 100 guineas. The Archbishop hoped that during the present year the schools would be well supported.



LOW-WOOD HOTEL, WINDERMERE, PARTLY DESTROYED BY FIRE.



A FROZEN FIRE AT MONTREAL.



OUR TROOPS IN BURMAH: RECEPTION OF MAJOR YATES, R.A., BY THE TSWABAW OF THEEBAW.



GRINDING CORN IN SKYE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. G. WILSON, OF ABERDEEN.



A SKYE CROFTER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. G. WILSON, OF ABERDEEN.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy!" The mere mention of the name of this delightful volume should in itself be a welcome attraction to the playgoer. For young and old alike, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's story must have a special charm. It is as attractive in the library as in the school-room; for who has not learned to love the strange old-world child, the curious, argumentative little being, who mixes his innocent prattle with so much sound common-sense, and comes over from America to convert his prejudiced old Conservative grandfather to reason and justice by means of innocence and purity and charm of manner? A gouty old peer, left alone, and living a loveless existence in his ancestral home, has quarrelled with all his sons. The bitterest wrangle has been with his heir, who had the effrontery to marry a beautiful American girl contrary to his father's express wish. The rebellious son dies, leaving a widow and a lovely boy, and as, by some unforeseen accident, the direct heirs to the estates and peerage die also, it comes about that the peer's successor is this same queer, independent little lad, who has been brought up in a thoroughly democratic and independent atmosphere. The prejudiced grandfather is compelled to send over to America for his direct heir, and gradually the boy so twines himself round the old man's heart that youth softens age, by-gones are forgiven, the "one touch of Nature makes this small world kin," and "Dearest," the pretty title of the little lord's adored mother, is admitted not only into the aristocratic fold of the Fauntleroy, but to a close place in the affection and esteem of the testy old gentleman. No one can have read the book without being struck with Mrs. Burnett's delicate artistic method. She has no political creed to teach; only the doctrine of human nature to enforce. Love, tenderness, justice, honour, uprightness, and the true lessons of humanity are taught with genuine humour and refreshing truth. The story of this book is so striking and original that one would have thought that no one would have dared to dramatise it without the direct permission of the authoress. The idea, the title, the whole literary property belong in all equity and justice to the creator of the fancy. Mr. E. V. Seebohm, however, does not think so. He has determined to sail under false colours, so, having dramatised the novel in the face of the direct objection of Mrs. Burnett, he takes the salient points of the story, and all the valuable dialogue, and then coolly puts on the bill of the play that his drama has been "suggested by" the well-known story, not hesitating to take the call for "the author" when the curtain finally falls. For the play has been produced with considerable success at a matinée performance given at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

It is astonishing that Mr. Seebohm should have found one single defender among his literary brethren. His allies are very few, but it is not strange perhaps that his laxity should be encouraged in certain quarters. We are now told, what is perfectly true, that the law permits Mr. Seebohm to do what he has done. We are told that it is all Mrs. Burnett's own fault and that she ought to have protected her property. It is hinted that an authoress of a remarkable book has no right to withhold her invention from the playgoer, and that if, for very good reasons of her own, she prefers to postpone her own dramatic version, it is rightly at the disposal of any literary Autolycus who comes by that way and picks it up. This view will not be endorsed by right-minded men. If Goldsmith had been alive surely Mr. W. G. Wills would not have claimed a share in the invention of "The Vicar of Wakefield"? If Fielding were in the flesh, Mr. Buchanan would scarcely be justified in claiming a part of the property of "Tom Jones" or "Joseph Andrews"? There is more relevancy, however, in the contention that when we look at the play as it is presented on the stage we ought to forget the literary squabble between Mrs. Burnett and Mr. Seebohm. The play is the thing and it should be considered by itself, and without prejudice. Let us come to that point, and ask seriously whether Mrs. Burnett could not have constructed a far better play out of her own material? Her dialogue would have been the same, for Mr. Seebohm has appropriated it; but would the authoress of the book have devised the wholly comic and commonplace last act, that utterly destroys the charm suggested in the preceding ones? We begin with an idyll and end with a comic play. We start with fancy and conclude with the low comedian. How it would have jarred on us had Mr. Wills concluded "Olivia" with loud laughter, and destroyed the tone and balance of his work! No; the play is interesting because even a vulgar workman cannot destroy wholly the charm of the book. He can daub the old oak over with paint, but the material is underneath it, after all. The wood remains—the paint can be scratched off. The treatment of Mr. Seebohm is as bad as the Vandals' act of French-polishing a fine old bee-waxed mahogany table.

Search all London round and it would be difficult to get a better representative of Little Lord Fauntleroy than pretty little Miss Annie Hughes. She is not quite a boy, but she is very like one; a little too tall, perhaps, but one of the prettiest pictures that the stage has seen for many a long day. The little aristocratic, half-hesitation, half-drawl in the speech; the essentially refined manner; the childish ways and innocent prattle, all bear evidence to the artistic finish of the study. It is a performance that everyone ought to see. And excellent indeed was the rest of the acting. Miss Mary Rorke as "Dearest," that model of a high-minded, dignified woman; and Mr. Somerset as the old Duke, were both surprisingly good, both natural, both fully understanding the object of their authoress. Mr. Arthur Williams may also be congratulated on the quaint humour of the old American tradesman, and so may Mr. Royce Carleton on his clever rendering of the old family solicitor. In fact, when the public verdict is given, Mr. Seebohm's error will probably be forgotten, and forgiven as well, on account of the natural charm and glow of Mrs. Burnett's story, and its admirable interpretation by a clever and intelligent company.

The sudden death of Mr. John Clayton, at Liverpool, so soon after his devoted friend, Mr. J. Palgrave Simpson, removes from the stage a most competent and excellent actor, and from his friends a "thoroughly good fellow," whose kind nature, humour, and geniality endeared him to a very wide circle. At the outset he was not a good actor, but he worked his way to the front by dogged perseverance and a real love of his art. Starting at the lowest rung of the ladder, and with very small parts, all admirably finished and carefully made up, he quickly and suddenly felt his feet. In his early youth his ambition was to be a romantic actor, and his Hugh Trevor in "All for Her" remains a bright spot on the memory as one of the most beautiful creations of the modern stage. Passionately fond of the French stage, and with an idol in Lafont, he might have become an English Fechter had not two things militated against his ambition. In the first place, his figure left him when quite young, and he grew very stout for so young a man; in the second place, the age was not in favour of the romantic drama at the time when he was exactly prepared to give it. He struggled valiantly and hopelessly with his love for romance and idealism, for he was a man naturally with a most affectionate nature and a tender heart. But though he remained true to his "old love," pathos, at the

Court Theatre, when it came under his direction, he was compelled eventually to try the other "stop," humour, which he found far more profitable. With the aid of the ready wit and suggestion of Mr. Pinerio, Mr. Clayton became a comic actor of great resource and invention, and his performances in "The Magistrate," "The Schoolmistress," and "Dandy Dick" will not readily be forgotten. The Dean of St. Marvels, in the last-named play, was a remarkable instance of complete success in a field of humour cultivated for the first time. The author must have been grateful in seeing his idea so thoroughly carried out. Art thus loses a faithful servant, and his friends will miss the companionship of a loving friend. Few men of his time had such a large heart or were of a more forgiving nature. Under a bluff exterior he had the nature of a woman. He succeeded on the stage, both in pathos and humour, because the tears were near his eyes, and he had a wonderful sense of fun. Mr. Clayton leaves a young wife—the daughter of Dion Boucicault—and several small children to regret as good a fellow as ever lived.

The Strand Theatre has reopened under the direction of Mr. Willie Edouin, who brings back his wife, Miss Alice Atherton, to the stage, after her long and serious illness. Pending the production and rehearsals of a burlesque, for which the charming aid of Miss Grace Huntly has been secured, it has been found necessary to secure a comic play, in which Mr. Edouin can indulge in comic extravagance and Miss Atherton can introduce one of her variety sketches. Fair material has been found in a modern French farce, by Meilhac, called "Gotté," which has been turned by Mr. C. S. Fawcett into "Katti." Miss Alice Atherton appears as a German house-servant of provincial habits, who smashes the crockery and makes calf-love to her worried master. The master in question, who is given to playing pathetic tunes on a torturing wind-instrument, touches Katti's sympathetic heart by his frantic endeavours to master "Ehren on the Rhine"—a curious circumstance, by-the-way, inasmuch as it is an English song, and one of which Katti would be supremely ignorant. However, with the aid of Mr. Edouin's comic pantomime and Miss Atherton's pretty caricature, the play goes with tolerable spirit; and it will, no doubt, serve its purpose until the promised burlesque is ready. A very bright and competent company has been engaged, including Miss Susie Vaughan and a clever young actor, Mr. H. H. Morell—a son of Sir Morell Mackenzie.

THE CROFTERS OF SKYE.

The agrarian agitation, with lamentable disturbances of the peace, among the peasantry of the Isle of Skye and the Isle of Lewis, has been repeatedly illustrated by the Sketches of our Artists and occasional correspondents. An instructive statistical article, by Mr. Reginald MacLeod, in the March number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, supplies precise facts and judicious practical suggestions with regard to this embarrassing social problem. Referring here only to the distressed condition of the people in Skye, we learn that its whole population in 1881 numbered 17,797, or 3559 families; and the land was divided into 77 farms rented at above £30, 2034 crofts at a less rent, two large deer-forests, and 578 non-agricultural holdings. It is asserted that the deer-forests are land not fit for occupation by the crofters; and that a family cannot live decently on a holding of less than the value of £30 a year, except by the precarious aid of the fishery. The actual severe impoverishment of the crofters is proved beyond doubt. The population of Skye has been diminished by 5800 since 1841, while that of Lewis has been increased much more largely. Confining our present attention to Skye, it is certainly not so large as to forbid summary measures of relief, even by State-aided emigration. It should be observed that the rents have already been judicially reduced, to the average extent of 31 per cent., by the Crofters' Commission. The local taxation, the education rate especially, is a very heavy burden. Mr. R. MacLeod gives calculations to prove that, if all the land were equally divided among the cultivators, the poorer class of whom are destitute of stock and capital, it could not yield them a tolerable subsistence. The soil and climate are too bad for husbandry. Fishery harbours and piers would do some good, if they were provided with boats and nets; and tramways across the island would be useful; but the smallest "croft" that can support a family is one bearing a rent of £15 a year, and the number of such holdings must be limited, with any distribution of the land. We conclude that there is no remedy but a scheme of systematic emigration, to be commenced under Government direction, and, at the outset, with public funds; and we know that there is ample space in Canada, and probably also in Newfoundland; and that on the shores and isles of the St. Lawrence and in New Brunswick, without going so far as the great North-West Territory, ten times the requisite number of hardy and laborious people could be settled on free lands with every chance of living in comfort. It would be easy to obtain security for their repayment, in a few years, of the funds advanced by Government for this purpose, which could be made a terminable charge on the lands granted for their occupation. The same procedure could be applied to the surplus population of Lewis and the lesser Hebrides, and on the west coast of Ireland to the miserable peasantry of Achill and Inishboffin, the Arran Islands of Galway Bay, and some parts of the coasts of Mayo, Donegal, and Connemara. A million or two of public money, gradually advanced by the State, and used by special Commissioners, acting in concert with the Canadian Government, would put an end to the chronic destitution of all these wretched fellow-countrymen of ours, on the bleak Atlantic shores of Scotland and Ireland, where it is impossible for them ever to thrive; and would add to the prosperity of British North America. It would be a measure of true economy, as well as of philanthropy; but we have no strong faith in the capacity of any Ministry to undertake this task, and to remove one of the grossest scandals of our national condition. The Illustrations of a Skye croft and crofter are from photographs by Mr. G. W. Wilson, of Aberdeen.

Lady Londonderry has presented medals to the thirteen constables who were present in the affray with Moonlighters when Head-Constable Whelehan was murdered. A letter was read from the Lord Lieutenant commending the bravery and loyalty of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

The View of Low-wood Hotel, Windermere, among our Illustrations this week, is from one of "Frith's Series" of photographs of Lake scenery. The illustration of the fire at Montreal, with the icicles on the house-fronts, is from a photograph by Mr. J. G. Parks, of St. James's-street, Montreal, forwarded to us by Mr. F. May.

The Special "Silver Wedding" Number of *The Illustrated London News*, to be published for March 10, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, will contain many illustrations of the most interesting scenes in the lives of their Royal Highnesses, with a biographical memoir written by Mr. Edward Rose. The Silver Wedding Number is accompanied by a Coloured Engraving, from a picture by Mr. R. Caton Woodville, which presents full-length portraits of the Prince and Princess.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 1, 1885), with three codicils (dated June 25 and Oct. 2, 1885; and Sept. 6, 1887), of Mr. Henry Browning, late of No. 73, Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square, who died on Jan. 20 last, was proved on Feb. 17 by Edward Campbell Browning, Montague Charles Browning, and Hugh Edmond Browning, the sons, and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £550,000. The testator, after stating that any bequests given to his wife, Mrs. Mary Murray Maxwell Browning, by his will are to be, in addition to all benefits under her marriage settlement, gives her £5000, an annuity of £400, and the use, for life, of his house, No. 73, Grosvenor-street, with the furniture, &c., therein; £5000 each to his sons Montague Charles, Hugh Edmond, and Henry Bainbridge; £3000 to his son Edward Campbell; £5000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his daughter, Mrs. Clara Matilda Phillips; £5000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Emily Grace Beauford, £200 each to her four children; annuities of £300 each to his sisters, Mrs. Emma Groom, Charlotte Browning, and Louisa Browning; £300 to St. George's Hospital (Hyde Park-corner); other legacies to relatives and servants; and, on the death of his wife, his house, 73, Grosvenor-street, with the contents thereof, to his son, Montague Charles, on condition that he resides in it at least six months in every year. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his four sons, Edward Campbell, Montague Charles, Hugh Edmond, and Henry Bainbridge, in equal shares, as tenants in common.

The Scotch Confirmation, under the Seal of the Commissariat of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Oct. 6, 1886) of Mr. John Fulton, late of No. 2, Clinton-road, Edinburgh, brewer, who died on Jan. 4, granted to James John Fulton, the nephew, William Paxton, and Donald Beith, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Feb. 15, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £106,000.

The will (dated Aug. 27, 1855), with seven codicils (dated Jan. 26, 1857; May 22, 1860; Sept. 2, 1863; Aug. 16, 1879; Dec. 23, 1881; May 17, 1882; and June 25, 1884), of Mr. William Smith, formerly of Old Change, but late of 37, Tavistock-square, who died on Jan. 7 last, was proved on Feb. 20 by Major Thurlby Smith, Tom Smith, and Vernon Smith, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £67,000. The testator, after reciting that he made provision for his daughter, Mrs. Adelaide Jones, on her marriage, gives her £8500; and small legacies to relatives and friends. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his five sons, Thurlby, Tom, Vernon, Roland, and Herbert, in equal shares, as tenants in common.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1885), with a codicil (dated Aug. 24, 1887), of Mr. William Henry Skynner, late of 7, Cavendish-place, St. Marylebone, and 36, James-street, Buckingham-gate, who died on Jan. 18, was proved on Feb. 8 by Frank Richardson and Miss Katherine Sophia Skynner, the sister, and executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £45,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the National Life-Boat Institution, for the building, equipping, and maintaining a life-boat to be called the Skynner Life-Boat; £500 each to the Metropolitan Drinking-Fountain and Cattle-Trough Association, the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Society (London Bridge), the Middlesex Hospital (Mortimer-street), and the Westminster Hospital (Broad Sanctuary); £2000, upon trust, for his adopted daughter, Mrs. Emily Anne Skynner Barker; £200 to his confidential clerk, John Benjamin Atfield, and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his two sisters, Katherine Sophia and Eleanor, in equal shares.

The will, with one codicil, of Thomas Hodges Grove Snowden, Esq., late of Ramsgate, Kent, who died on Nov. 27 last, was proved, in the Canterbury District Registry on Dec. 20 last by the Rev. Harcourt Charles Vaux Snowden, William Morris Boyton, and Edward Wotton, the executors. Deceased gives legacies of £3000 to his daughter Mrs. Fowler, £300 to his grand-daughter, Mrs. Hughes, £100 to each of his executors, £50 to his groom, £50 to his sempstress, and a year's wages to each of his domestic servants. His real estate, and the residue of his personal estate (which was sworn under £29,600), deceased leaves equally between his sons, Somerset Snowden, Henry Grove Snowden, Northing Waddilove Snowden, and Charles Grove Snowden, and his daughter Mrs. Norden.

The will (dated June 27, 1876), with a codicil (dated Feb. 28, 1881), of Mrs. Emily Drew, late of Wye House, Buxton, Derby, widow, who died on Jan. 1 last, was proved on Feb. 22 by Cornelius Neale Dalton and the Rev. Freeman Wilson, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £27,000. The testatrix gives £1000 to the Vicar and churchwardens of St. Mary Magdalene, Paddington, for such charitable purposes in connection with the said church as they think fit; £1000 each to her sisters, Mrs. Sarah Anne Bevington and Mrs. Helen Natalie Fuller, and Miss Kate Warburton, the Mother Superior of St. Saviour's Priory, Hackney-road; £10,000 between her step-daughters, Florence Selwyn and Jessie Margaret; and legacies to executors and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her step-sons, Cecil Campbell Drew, William Wilson Drew, and Ernest Young Drew.

The will (dated April 13, 1886) of Admiral Victor Grant Hickley, R.N., formerly of Ashcott, near Bath, and Beau Séjour, Dinan, France, but late of Amber House, Petminster, near Taunton, who died on Jan. 27 last, was proved on Feb. 21 by Leonard North Hickley, the nephew, and George Arthur Holme, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £21,000. Subject to a gift of £100 each to his executors, the testator leaves all his real and the residue of his personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Maria Grant Hickley, for life, and at her death between his children.

The will (dated May 13, 1887) of Arthur John, Baron De Hochepeid Larpent, late of 27, Palmeira-square, Brighton, who died on Aug. 14 last, was proved on Feb. 16 by Charles Gonne, the executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £14,000. With the exception of a legacy of £150 to his son, John Melvill, and the gift of his furniture and plate to his daughters, the testator leaves all his real and the residue of his personal estate to his children, his son, John Melvill, to have two shares to the one share each of the other of his children.

The late Right Hon. Edward Henry Julius Hawke, sixth Baron of Towton, by his will (dated June 21, 1884), gave and devised all his property to his trustees and executors, the present Lord Hawke and Henry Entwisle Bury, of 45, Lincoln's-inn-fields, solicitor, upon trust, after payment of debts, &c., to pay five thousand pounds (£5000) a year to his widow, and, upon further trust, to make provision for his younger children, and the residue of his property the testator directed to be held, upon trust, for the present Lord Hawke and his issue.

Two Bishops were consecrated at St. Paul's Cathedral on Feb. 24—Archdeacon Earle, with the title of Marlborough, to act as Suffragan to the Bishop of London; and Sir L. Stamer, to assist the Bishop of Lichfield, as Bishop of Shrewsbury.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

The exhibition of the Nineteenth-Century Art Society (Conduit-street Galleries) bears painful witness to the fact that supply too often outruns demand. Of late years the multiplication of picture galleries has outstripped the wants of art and, we may as well add, the powers of artists. Time was, no doubt, when many a painter of merit could find no means of making known his claims to public attention; but now-a-days it would seem that the managers of picture exhibitions are forced to go out into the highways and hedges in search of painters. The present exhibition comprises about 250 oil pictures and nearly 200 water-colours, but out of all there is scarcely more than a score which have any claim to public attention. Those who are most successful are names with which one has become familiar elsewhere. Messrs. Alfred and Gustave De Breanski, Mr. V. P. Yglesias, Mrs. Murray Cookesley, Mr. Yeend King, and the like. All these contribute fair specimens of their powers, but nothing calling for special notice. Mr. J. W. Dunsmore's "Passing Shower" (118) is a clever bit of costume-painting, suggesting the work of a young artist who cannot quite make up his mind whether to adopt Mr. Orchardson or Mr. Marcus Stone as his leader. Mr. William Padgett is always thoughtful and powerful; and his "Water-Mill" (129) and "The Gleaners' Fire" (159) are no exceptions to this rule, albeit the latter shows more than ever the contending influences of Jules Breton and Bastien Lepage in our fellow-countryman's mind. Mr. S. J. Barnes' large landscape, "Loch Dee" (184), is rather pretentious than successful; but it possesses qualities which may ripen. Mr. T. W. Pelham's "Daily Labour" (200) and "Maidens of Cordova" (128), Mr. William Luker's "Rest" (185), Mr. R. M. Chevalier's "Cairene Bazaar" (56) are worthy of attention; whilst, among the water colours, those of Mr. H. Medlycott, Mr. J. Sowden, Mr. Howard Stormont, Mr. N. Davison, Mr. M. Tuke, and Mr. H. Foster are exceptionally good.

Messrs. Agnew have now on view (Old Bond-street Galleries, Piccadilly) an exhibition of water-colour drawings of the highest interest, including some works which have attained a place among the classics of this style of art. Among such, Turner's "Florence" (226), as fresh and bright as when painted, deserves especial notice. It is not merely a replica of the same subject now in the National Gallery, but in some respects an original work, in the arrangement of the buildings—although, like the other, the view is from the hill on which Sta. Maria Novella stands; whilst Florence, with the Arno in the foreground and the hills towards Vallombrosa, forms one of the most magnificent landscapes the world can show. Close by hangs another of Turner's well-known works, "Coves" (230), engraved in the "England and Wales" series, which remains—in spite of the spottiness of the sky, due probably to defective colours or some of the artist's experiments—one of his most pleasant reminiscences of southern England. A very different work, although belonging to nearly the same period, is the "Northampton" (8), in all the turmoil of an election, its streets crowded with figures, which one of the candidates and his wife (?) survey from curule chairs with all the impassiveness of a Roman Emperor. The picture may be taken as giving some clue to Turner's political bias, and suggests that he made his visit coincide with Major Cartwright's famous contest of the seat on behalf of the Reform Bill supporters. Turner is further represented by his "Dover" (88) from the sea, well known by its engraving; "Wycliffe" (240) near Rokeby—which formed one of the "Richmondshire" series, but has now lost much of its colour; "Carisbrook Castle" (276); and, above all, by the masterly drawing of "Southwell Minster" (277), which shows how strong the feeling for architectural drawing remained in him long after he had abandoned himself to more imaginative work. There is also the work of another Turner—"Turner of Oxford," which deserves especial mention, "The Vale of Gloucester" (148) from Robin Hood's Hill. Like the drawings of his master, Varley, of whom there are some excellent specimens in the room, "Turner of Oxford" inclined to the classical treatment of landscape; but his truthful exposition of nature gives a reality to his work which many of his contemporaries missed. This distinction may be seized by comparing such works as G. Barret's "Classical Landscape" (92) and "Off Battersea" (28); William Hunt's "Southwark Bridge" (247), Varley's "Thames at Battersea" (255), and Girtin's "Rivaulx Abbey" (254). Coming to another and, perhaps, even more distinguished knot of painters, we find Copley Fielding, P. De Wint, David Cox, James Holland, David Roberts, Samuel Prout, Thomas Danby, and J. Constable. It is not necessary to notice in detail the various works of these well-known masters of the craft; but we may say with truth that they have seldom been better represented at the Old Bond-street Galleries than on the present occasion. Of the modern works it is difficult and invidious to make any special selection—nearly all being of a high level.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries (160, New Bond-street) is to be seen the record of a busy and successful life in a collection of sketches in oils by Mr. Edwin Hayes. As a sea and coast painter Mr. Hayes has for thirty years, and perhaps more, been known at our principal art exhibitions. His work is always fresh, natural, and restrained. He aims at no accidental effects of sea or sky; and delineates scenes as they are, not as they might be. The present exhibition may be looked upon as the note-book of his daily life, but notes carefully written out and arranged with taste and skill. By the aid of these sketches we can follow the artist in his wanderings, and dwell with him upon favourite spots. We accompany him along the south coast of England and across to the Channel Islands, where the entrance to "Pierrepont, Guernsey" (17), affords him an excellent subject. We find him sometimes in a chopping sea among the "Fishing-boats off Dover" (31); or becalmed with the "Trawlers in Brixham Harbour" (36). "The Wicklow Mountains from Merion Strand" (54) look tempting places for summer rambles; and "Kynance Cove" (69), in its golden haze, would be a delightful retreat in any season. Amongst other pleasant sketches may be mentioned the "Hay-barge Ashore" (77), the "Guernsey Fishing-boats in a Gale" (110), "Southwold Fishing-boats" (116), "A North-west Gale in the Yarmouth Roads" (127), and many others. In the same galleries are to be seen some delicate studies by Mr. A. Ludovici, jun., to which the artist gives the somewhat grotesque title of "Dots, Notes, Spots." They are chiefly studies of figurantes and the like, treated in a spirit which suggests equally parts of Van Beers and Whistler, modified by the requirements of conventional art.

Colonel C. H. Chauncey has been selected for appointment as Chief Paymaster to the British troops in the China command.

The ninth annual show of the Shire Horse Society opened on Feb. 28 at the Agricultural Hall, with the largest number of animals yet exhibited.

The Metropolitan Board of Works have resolved, by a large majority, to co-operate with the City Corporation in obtaining an Act of Parliament which will continue the coal and wine dues for twelve years, and give a rebate to the outlying districts proportionate to their rateable value.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Feb. 28.

The Chamber being still occupied with the Budget and with the discussion of minor questions which add nothing to its prestige, the attention of the country has been concentrated on the elections, which took place on Sunday in seven Departments, for the nomination of nine deputies. Six Republicans and one Reactionary deputy were elected, and there are two ballottages; but the notable point in these elections was that, without being eligible and without being a candidate, General Boulanger received 54,680 votes in the seven Departments, which represent a total of 800,000 electors. What is the meaning of this phenomenon? It can only be interpreted as an intimation that the electors have had enough of the present irremediably divided Chamber, a hint that the only solution of the situation is dissolution, a protestation in favour of some stable authority, and also a proof of the tendency of the French to incarnate authority in one man. In the eyes of the discontented electors of Sunday, General Boulanger personified not an army chief but a possible Emperor—the man of some solution or another, the sword that flashes always at the issue of revolutionary periods, in short, the providential man and the saviour of society. The conditions on which these fifty-five thousand votes were given to General Boulanger render them a grave symptom. With a sum of 45,000*fr.*, subscribed by friends of General Boulanger, an obscure journalist, M. Thiébaud, began a campaign single-handed in favour of the General. He carried on this campaign single-handed for six weeks; the whole press scoffed at him; General Boulanger declared that he had nothing to do with the campaign; and yet the electors voted for him. This vote evokes clearly the idea of a dictatorship, and it is evident that, in case of general elections, a well-organised plebiscite in favour of General Boulanger might have grave consequences. The future seems full of danger because the formidable current of universal suffrage is left to itself; there is no man in France able, as Gambetta was, to guide the dark conscience of the masses; and there is one man upon whom popular attention has been concentrated by circumstances which no one can precisely enumerate. This man is the hero of the "Boulanger March," and of the new café-concert song which promises to become equally famous, "Les pioupious d'Auvergne."

The Paris season appears to be gayer and more animated than it has been for several years past. There are dances and receptions by the score every night; and as one comes home from the theatre one sees many house-fronts brilliantly illuminated, and before the doors long strings of cabs, with their coachmen clattering their wooden shoes on the pavement in the vain hope of keeping warm—for the weather, it must be said, is Siberian, the roads are frost-bound, and snow covers the parks and gardens. The favourite amusement of society this year seems to be private theatricals, and even masters like Alexandre Dumas and Sardou are condescending to superintend the performance of their pieces by companies of wealthy and beautiful amateurs. At the regular theatres novelties are so rare now-a-days that society does wisely to provide its own amusements.

When will statuomania end in France? A committee has been formed with a view to erecting a statue to the deceased military painter Alphonse De Neuville by "national public subscription." This idea is so ridiculous, or, at any rate, so premature, that we may trust that nothing will come of it.

Apropos of art matters, the present chiefs of the Fine-Arts Department—M. Castagnary and others—are playing a silly game in conspiring together to exclude Meissonier from the Fine-Arts Committee of the Universal Exhibition of 1889. This committee is dominated by a clique, and unless the Minister of Fine Arts has the courage to intervene and dissolve this body, there will be a fine scandal before the Exhibition is over.

A telephone line is being laid between Marseilles and Paris; it will be opened for public service on July 1. T. C.

The German Crown Prince continues to progress favourably. His tube fits more comfortably, and his throat is easier. Professor Kussmaul, who has examined his Imperial Highness carefully, has not found any trace of lung disease.—The British squadron, under the command of Sir W. Hewett, arrived off San Remo on Saturday morning, Feb. 25, and in the afternoon the Crown Princess and a party went on board some of the ships. On Feb. 27 the Crown Prince spent a short time in the afternoon on the balcony of the Villa Zirio, walking briskly backwards and forwards, clothed in a large ulster. The Crown Princess, accompanied by the four Princesses, Prince Henry, and Miss Mackenzie, took a walk in the town.

"SLUM SISTERS" OF SALVATION ARMY.

In different quarters of London, inhabited by the poorest class of people, amongst whom there is necessarily much ignorance, self-neglect, and vice, a special branch of the well-known "Salvation Army" has been labouring for their moral and religious elevation. Our Sketches of their figures and proceedings may be explained, to some extent, by referring to the statements made on Feb. 13, at a meeting held in Lisson-grove to promote this missionary work, and to the addresses then delivered by several "officers" of the Salvation Army, "Colonel" Nicol, "Staff-Captain" Cook, Mrs. Cook, and Mr. Denry, who described this corps of "Slum Saviours" and their particular service. The conductors of the Salvation Army had found, in the "slums," a class of degraded and miserable people who would not come to the halls, and there would not be room for them all if they did. There was only one way to reach them—to go and live among them: that was what the "Slum Saviours" did. When it was first proposed, only two girls volunteered for the work, and a start was made in Walworth, where rooms were taken, and the women, at first not in uniform, because of the prejudice against them, distributed tracts and nursed the sick. Quietly and patiently they worked, living in wretched rooms, surrounded by drunkards, until at last they came to be looked on as the friends of the people. Now there are sixteen slum homes in London, and forty-three officers. The sisters receive no pay, and the expenses of each home are not above £1 a week—6*s.* for rent, and 7*s.* a week for the food, clothing, &c., of each of the two sisters, who now wear a sort of uniform—black frocks and black bonnets, large linen aprons, with "Slum Saviour" worked in red across the front, and big Salvation Army brooches. Besides a large number of drunkards, from thirty to forty fallen women have been rescued and provided for. Colonel Nicol read a precise statement of the work accomplished, from which it appeared that 96,988 houses had been visited, and the sisters had prayed with the inmates 32,569 times. Over 1700 had confessed their sins and been "brought to Christ," and 2120 persons have been relieved with food and clothing. All this, said Colonel Nicol, had been brought about by patient, loving work, with no bands and no halls, so that it cannot be put down to the blast of trumpets and the paraphernalia of the Salvation Army. Several recent converts were called on to stand up and address the meeting, and they bore testimony to the good which had been done.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Marquis of Salisbury—robust and broad-shouldered enough to bear with ease the burden of the Bradlaugh correspondence added to his Foreign Office despatches—was in the best of spirits, I am assured, when he visited the palatial Constitutional Club on Saturday night, the Twenty-fifth of February, in the congenial company of Mr. Arthur Balfour, and, like a prudent general, counselled his Constitutional hearers to organise Conservative electors to secure victory. There was one load off the Prime Minister's mind when he sat down with Lord Abergavenny to the Constitutional Club dinner. The noble Marquis may well have felt relieved at the defeat of Mr. Shaw Lefevre's Irish arrears amendment by a majority of 75 (261 against 186), and at the passing at length of the Address of the Commons in reply to the Queen's Speech. Besides, such social gatherings as that which Lord Salisbury graced, indubitably yield healthy relaxation to hard-worked statesmen. And, in like manner, the Saturday-to-Monday holiday Mr. Gladstone spent with the Earl of Rosebery at Epsom, could not but brace the mind of the right hon. gentleman, and beneficially distract it from the one absorbing subject of Irish complaints.

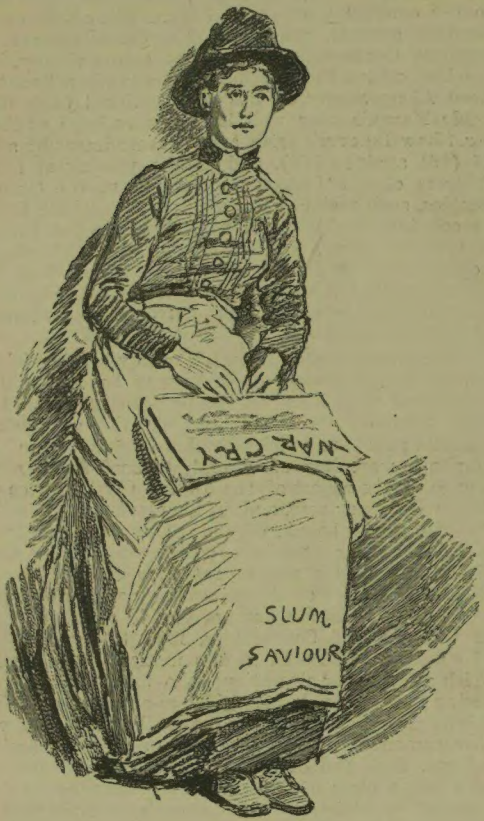
The commendable dispatch with which legislation is conducted in the House of Lords may be exemplified by what transpired on Monday, the Twenty-seventh of February. The Lord Chancellor took his seat on the woolsack at twenty minutes past four; and when Lord Cross had, in his peculiarly emphatic way, fired off a reply to Lord Kimberley's question regarding the report of the Indian Civil Service Commission, Baron Halsbury rose, and, in his black silk robe, proceeded to the Ministerial bench, very much as some goodly dame would sail down the centre in a country-dance. In Committee on Baron Herschell's well-meant Law of Distress Amendment Bill, the Duke of Buckingham again distinguished himself by the precision and reasonable rapidity with which he, as Chairman of Committees, read the various clauses, one of which was amended at the instigation of Lord Bramwell. With a few other alterations, the measure was passed. And, seeing how amicably both sides co-operated on this little Bill, might not the Opposition generally profitably vie with the Government in bringing forward measures of social and legal reform. Lord Herschell, for instance, would earn the gratitude of a large class of brain-workers were he to further exert himself to assimilate the singularly imperfect law as to dramatic copyright to the Act on literary copyright, so as to prevent unscrupulous playwrights from pirating novels with impunity, as they have long been in the habit of wrongfully doing. This is a palpable injustice which ought assuredly to be removed this Session.

Lord Rosebery received, at this same sitting, a neatly imparted lesson in International policy. Taking the place of gently slumbering Earl Granville at the table facing the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, with quite a French trill of the r, "grrravelly" and portentously, and with swelling Imperial mien, asked what the Government proposed to do with regard to the Delagoa Bay Railway (prominently illustrated in the last Number of this Paper, it will be remembered). If the noble Earl's interrogation meant anything, it meant that possession should be secured of this railway at the earliest possible moment. In the most effective speech the Earl of Onslow has yet made, clear, brief, to the point, and delivered with laudable distinctness, he adroitly put an extinguisher on Lord Rosebery by stating that Delagoa Bay belonged to Portugal, which was not disposed to part with her colony; that the railway ran neither through British territory nor to British territory; and that the purchase of the railway was rather a matter for the Cape and Natal than for the Home Government. In fine, this remarkably effective response of Lord Onslow was in matter and in manner so wholly admirable that those who heard it could not but regret that it was the last speech the noble Earl would be called upon to make (for the present) as representing the Colonial Office in the House of Lords. As the Earl of Derby left in converse with Lord Rosebery, his approving smile seemed to imply, "I couldn't have answered you better myself, Rosebery."

The Secretary for the Colonies, Sir Henry Holland, having at the succeeding day's sitting taken his place for the first time in the House of Lords as Baron Knutsford upon being appointed a Peer, those earnest law reformers, the Lord Chancellor and Lord Herschell, gave further tokens of their zeal in the shape of a County Court Statute Consolidation Bill and a measure to amend the law relating to the liability of trustees. Then the Earl of Dunraven ceased for a moment from his labours to remodel the House after his own heart, and considerably championed the cause of the poor work people, mostly foreigners, subjected to the toilsome "sweating" system laid bare by Mr. Burnett in the East-End as observant Labour Correspondent of the Board of Trade. Making his début as the representative of the Board in that House, the Earl of Onslow once again creditably distinguished himself by the reasonableness of the course he recommended: appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the matter.

The east wind, in accordance with its whim throughout the chilliest of Februarys, blew with particular force in Palace-yard on Friday, the Twenty-fourth; but Mr. William Henry Smith faced it manfully as he walked down to the House to present the first of his new Rules. Cold without; warm within! Indeed, the tropical heat fostered in St. Stephen's, wellnigh unendurable in summer, was quite comforting on that Siberian day. Atmospheric warmth, for the nonce, appeared to promote affability in debate. Even Mr. Gladstone seemed desirous to show he could on occasion "roar you as gently as any sucking dove" when he immediately followed Mr. Smith. It was quite a non-Party debate. The upshot was that the House decided to meet on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday at three o'clock instead of four, to carry on "opposed business" till midnight, leaving another hour for the pushing forward of unopposed legislation. What was the result of this sensible alteration? An immense relief and boon immediately to all connected with the House. On Monday, the Supplementary Civil Service Estimates were considered till twelve o'clock; and the House cheerfully adjourned at a quarter past, after Mr. Matthews had introduced the Liability of Employers Bill, and Mr. T. W. Russell had brought in his rival measure to Mr. Parnell's Arrears Bill. Then, on Tuesday, Mr. Smith having secured the adoption of his new proposal of Closure "when not less than one hundred members voted in the majority in support of the motion;" and the Leader of the House having gained approval of one or two more stringent regulations for maintaining order and saving time, hon. members were able to depart jubilantly for home directly after midnight. A rule limiting speeches generally to twenty minutes or a quarter of an hour (ample time for any speaker, as a rule, if he will but use compression) would crown the edifice of Mr. Smith's new regulations.

The entrance of Mr. Brodie Hoare (returned unopposed in place of Sir Henry Holland for Hampstead), and of the Hon. H. W. Fitzwilliam, the new member for Doncaster, gave Ministerialists a good opportunity to lustily cheer on the 28th of February.



MRS. COOK.



MRS. WEBB, CAPTAIN.



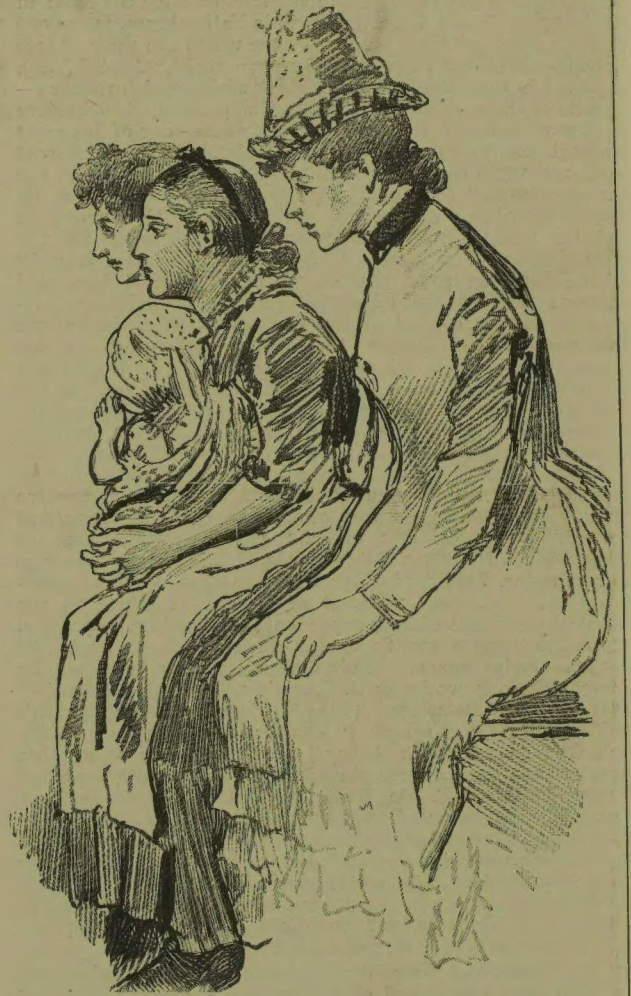
A LIEUTENANT.



TUESDAY EVENING MEETING.



A LISTENER.



A FAMILY PARTY.



IN DOUBT

A GIRL TEACHER.



VILLAGE ON THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIER OCCUPIED BY RUSSIAN CAVALRY.
FROM A SKETCH BY M. RIEDEL.



RUSSIAN TROOPS ENCAMPED NEAR CZESTOCHOWA, POLAND.
FROM A SKETCH BY M. RIEDEL.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN POLAND.

The enormous assemblage of troops collected by Russia for many months past on the Polish frontier of Austria, while it causes extreme political uneasiness both in Austria and Germany, which have been obliged to set on foot costly defensive armaments, is also necessarily attended by severe sufferings among the Russian troops at this inclement season of the year. One of our correspondents, Mr. T. Riedel, sends us a Sketch of the encampment of Russian soldiers at Ożestochowa, where they had no shelter either of barracks or tents, and were crouching around a fire of logs on the bare ground, with the cold at twenty-five degrees below the freezing-point. In another Sketch, at a village on the Austrian frontier is seen a row of cottages now occupied by soldiers, with a sentinel keeping guard on the road. The country has never recovered from the ravaging and devastating effects of the Polish insurrection of 1863, and is not in a condition to supply means of subsistence for a large army; when all its dwellings and buildings are overcrowded, a great part of the military force has no shelter, and there is a scarcity not only of food and of forage for the horses, but also of fuel, so that the branches of the trees are stripped off and torn down for firing on the roads traversed by the Russian troops. There is a great amount of disease and mortality in many of their regiments, and large numbers of horses belonging to the army have perished. The barracks of the recruits' dépôt, in the Prague quarter of the city of Warsaw, are beset with friends of the young soldiers, bringing them gifts of provisions, clothing, and other necessities of life, for their use in a campaign which may begin, it is thought, within a few weeks or sooner; and this anticipation casts a gloom over the minds of the people. On the frontier line, where it occasionally happens that detachments of military in the service of the great Empires come within sight of each other, they are still allowed to deal in small civilities, such as the lighting of pipes; and it may yet be hoped that they will be spared the duty of "exchanging fire," in a more hostile sense, and with more fatal effect.

SKETCHES AT VICTORIA, LABUAN.

The small island of Labuan, off the north-west coast of Borneo, was ceded to Great Britain by the Sultan of Borneo in 1847, and the late Sir James Brooke, "Rajah Brooke," was appointed first Governor of the British settlement. It is nearly twelve miles long and six miles broad, well wooded, and has coal-mines, which have been worked to a small extent. The population is about six thousand, chiefly Malays, Hindoo coolies, and natives of Borneo, with some twenty Europeans. The harbour of Victoria has good anchorage, and is regularly visited by steamers from Singapore. On its shores are the Government offices and residences, barracks for native police, and store-houses, which may be the nucleus of a future town. But it is less frequented now than it was in the time of the Chinese and Malay pirates, when it was a station of some importance, being the principal dépôt for men-of-war engaged in their suppression. The aspect of Victoria itself is not particularly fine, but the surrounding country is beautiful; the savannah, which stretches away for miles along the shore, resembles an English park, and affords excellent grounds for riding, cricket, and also the native sports and water-bullock races, which occur annually. We are indebted for the Sketches to Lieutenant Douglas F. Robinson, of H.M.S. Cordelia, on the China Station; which cruiser made a stay of a few hours at Victoria to obtain coal, after an unsuccessful search for the missing gun-boat Wasp amongst the numerous reefs and shoals situated between China and Borneo.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

Our Extra Supplement for this week is an Engraving which represents the picture, by one of the most eminent of living British Artists, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., of one of the most engaging subjects that Art can portray—a little girl of the noblest type of childlike beauty, with a face animated by the expression of strong feelings, of courage overcoming her alarm, and with an innocent wonder at some strange discovery that is suddenly revealed to her eyes. It may be accepted as the figure and look of that forgotten heroine of a pathetic tale of infancy, who found the cruel Wolf disguised in her grandmother's cottage, and who frankly asked question after question, with growing anxiety, to solve the mystery of various changes in the appearance of its inmate, receiving the most unsatisfactory answers, till the fatal moment when she was eaten up. "Little Red Riding-Hood," the saddest tragedy in nursery literature, has before this furnished us with a subject, which was immensely appreciated in the most popular of our Coloured Supplements, issued more than twenty years ago; but here, thanks to Mr. Watts, she is made the loveliest of children.

The Treasurer of Guy's Hospital has received £1000 from "H. A. N." towards the Hospital Special Appeal Fund.

Since the foundation of the Seamen's Hospital Society, sixty-seven years ago, more than a quarter of a million seamen, belonging to forty-two different nationalities, have been relieved by the institution.

Mr. McCartan, M.P. for South Down, has granted his tenants an abatement of rent equivalent to 55 per cent.—Continuing their revision of rents in county Donegal, the Sub-commissioners have granted reductions averaging 40 per cent to tenants on four large estates in the county.

The Company of Mercers have granted 100 gs. to the Irish Defence Union, 22, Charing-cross, an organisation formed to assist all those suffering from the persecution of boycotting; 100 gs. towards the erection of workshops in connection with the Rev. Dr. Stainer's Home for Deaf and Dumb Children in Pentonville-road; and £26 5s., to the funds of the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen.—The Haberdashers' Company have given five guineas for the last-named fund.

The alterations and improvements in the Lecture Theatre, Royal Albert Hall, are completed, and the Council propose letting it for concerts, conversazioni, lectures, balls, private theatricals, and meetings of all kinds. This theatre is over the west porch of the hall, and has been handsomely decorated in blue and gold, with rich Japanese embossed paper, abundant electric-lights in all directions, and a ball-room floor. By a convenient arrangement the stage is made movable, and the theatre can be converted into a ball-room in half an hour.

The Freemasons of Durham province have presented to their Provincial Grand Master, Sir Hedworth Williamson, and Lady Elizabeth Williamson, a handsome silver punch-bowl, designed from the beautiful marble fountain at the Villa Albani, near Rome, on the celebration of their silver wedding.—The whole of the pupils of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, accompanied by the head-master, the teachers, and several members of the house committee, were present on the afternoon of Feb. 27, by the invitation of Mr. Augustus Harris, at the 100th performance of "Puss in Boots" at Drury-Lane Theatre. By the kindness of the Earl of Londesborough, the boys were afterwards regaled with apples, oranges, &c.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
R K (Lifton).—When putting such questions you should send a diagram of the position, as we cannot always refer to the file. From our recollection of No. 225 we believe White's answer to 1. K to B 3rd is 2. Q to K 5th, but cannot be certain without reference to the diagram.
C K H (Leeds).—All communications received during one week are acknowledged the following week.
R A (Leamington).—You appear to have overlooked our notice when the problem was received. We do not examine problems without the author's proposed solution.
G H (Manchester).—Very neat and pretty. Thanks.
COLUMBUS II.—We shall refer to the game in question, and let you know the result.
L D.—The problem shall be examined.
A C D.—Problems received with thanks.
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2286 received from Mrs. Kelly; of No. 2287 from Will Parish, D McCoy, H R, H G King, J H Smith, James Easton, and Oskar Hartmann; of No. 2288 from Emile Frau, the Rev. R L D Eccles, H R A, J Bryden, and A Hunter; of DOBRUSKY'S PROBLEMS (3 and 4) from D McCoy, O E P, and G J Veale.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2289 received from T Roberts, T G (Ware), O Darragh, Simplex, W Hillier, D McCoy, B R Wood, Columbus, A C Hunt, G J Veale, R Tredwell, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, E Louder, Dr. P St, E Casella (Paris), W R Rallem, Major Prichard, Ben Nevill, L Falcon (Amwerp), Joseph Ainsworth, Jupiter Junior, A C W (Dover), E Featherstone, R H Brooks, the Rev. Winfield Cooper, H Wardell, J Bryden, Otto Fulder (Ghent), E Elshury, R Worters, G W Law, Commander W L Martin (R.N.), Dane John, R L Southwell, J De Sarts (Liege), A D G, A Hunter, and O E P.

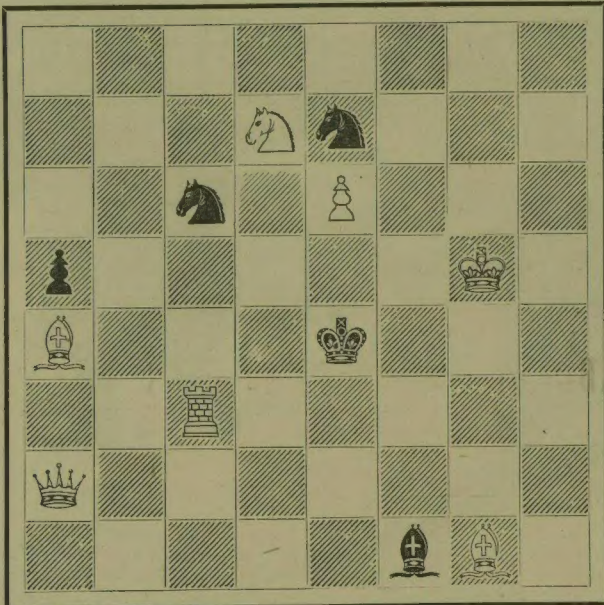
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2288.

At the request of a large number of correspondents the publication of this solution is deferred for one week.

PROBLEM No. 2291.

By GEORGE J. SLATER (Bolton).

Awarded First Prize in the Two-move Problem Tourney of the Sheffield Independent.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN BATH.

Played at the Bath Chess Club between Messrs. POLLOCK and THOROLD.
(Two Knights' Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. P.) BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. B to B 4th Kt to K B 3rd
3. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to B 3rd
Transforming the Bishop's opening into the Two Knights' Defence.
4. Kt to Kt 5th P to Q 4th
5. P takes P Kt to Q R 4th
6. B to Kt 5th (ch) P to B 3rd
7. P takes P P takes P
8. B to K 2nd P to K R 3rd
9. Kt to K B 3rd B to Q 3rd
10. P to Q 4th
11. P to Q 3rd, retaining the Pawn with safety, is preferable.
12. Kt to K 5th
13. Kt to K 5th, followed by Castling and P to K B 3rd or by Kt to Q B 4th, could also be played with as much advantage as the text move.
14. P to K 2nd B to B 2nd
15. P to K 4th B to K 3rd
16. P to Kt 5th (ch) P en passant is preferable.
17. Castles P to Kt 3rd
18. P to B 4th Castles (Q R)
19. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to Q 2nd
Threatening to win a Pawn by Kt takes Kt; but the move of the Kt by no means improves Black's game.
20. Q to R 4th B takes Kt
21. B P takes B Kt to K sq
Truly a strange place for the Knight.
22. B to K 3rd
Stronger than Kt takes P at once.
23. Kt takes P Kt to Kt 2nd
24. Defending Q 3rd sq, and threatening either Q takes P or R takes P.
25. P to Q Kt 4th B to B 4th
The great annual match between the Railway Clearing House and North London was played last week. It resulted in a decisive victory for the Railways. Appended are the names of the players and their respective scores:—
RAILWAY. NORTH LONDON.
Knight... 1 Stevens... 0
Blake... 0 Hooke... 1
Hennell... 1 Hunt... 2
Cope... 1 Dale... 0
Bowles, C. S... 1 Lamb (abst.)... 0
Hill... 1 Trenchard (ab) 0
Tarrant... 0 Howard... 1
Butlin... 0 Flear... 0
Bowles, H. L... 1 Booth... 1
Bailey, E. C... 1 Hepworth... 0
Bailey, H. S... 0 Connery... 1
Tirrell... 0 Beyfus... 1
Lahee... 1 Biaggini... 0
Curmook... 0 Smith... 1
Hoare... 0 Symons... 1
Todd... 1 Haslem... 0
Fisher... 1 Wagstaff... 0
RAILWAY. NORTH LONDON.
Brt. forward 9½ 7½
Jones... 1 Molyneux... 0
Hutidge... 0 Symons... 1
Miall... 0 Cuthbertson... 1
Harding... 0 Prout... 1
Parker... 1 Johnson... 1
Cleary... 1 Evans... 0
Parsons... 1 Bedford... 0
Williams... 0 Webster... 1
Tuckett... 1 Miller... 0
Stevenson... 1 Foreman... 0
Penny... 1 Goldsmith (ab) 0
Hurt... 1 Bennett... 1
Russell... 1 Coombe (ab) 0
17½ 12½

It is stated that the Treasury have agreed to grant £400 for the extension of the Medical School of Aberdeen University.

Messrs. J. Watson Nicol, Charles W. Wyllie, Herman Herkomer, and Yeend King, R.L., have been elected members of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

The Executive Council of the Glasgow International Exhibition have been informed that the Queen has promised to lend a selection of her Scottish historical treasures, including a portrait of Queen Mary with the execution scene in the background; also a portrait of Lord Darnley and his brother, a portrait of George IV. in Highland costume, and a selection of her Jubilee presents. The Prince and Princess of Wales look forward with pleasure to the opening of the exhibition in May. Owners of pictures have promised to lend their choicest treasures.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. George Percy Badger, D.O.L., the eminent Oriental scholar.

Mr. Edwin Corbett, British Minister to Sweden and Norway, at Stockholm, on Feb. 23.

Mr. Daniel James O'Connell, of Grenagh, in the county of Kerry, J.P., High Sheriff, 1868, on Feb. 26, aged sixty-five. He was the second son of Sir James O'Connell, first Baronet, and nephew of the famous Daniel O'Connell.

The Rev. James Arthur Maude, of the Oratory, Brompton, third son of the late Captain the Honourable Francis Maude, R.N., and grandson of the first Viscount Hawarden, on Feb. 16, aged fifty-six. Father Maude was formerly Ensign in the 77th Regiment.

OBITUARY.

SIR WILLIAM EDMONDSTONE, BART.

Admiral Sir William Edmondstone, fourth Baronet, C.B., of Dunreath, in the county of Stirling, died, at his residence, Ainslie Place, Edinburgh, on Feb. 18. He was born Jan. 29, 1810, the eldest surviving son of Sir Charles Edmondstone, second Baronet, by the Hon. Louisa Hotham, his second wife, youngest daughter of Beaumont, second Lord Hotham, and succeeded to the title on the death of his half-brother, Sir Archibald, in 1871. He entered the Royal Navy in 1822, became Commander in 1841, Captain 1853, Rear-Admiral 1867, Vice-Admiral, on Retired List, 1876, and Admiral 1880. He was a Naval A.D.C. to the Queen 1865 to 1869, and Superintendent of Woolwich Dockyard 1866 to 1871. The decoration of C.B. was conferred on him in 1863. The Admiral was a Deputy-Lieutenant for Stirlingshire, and Conservative M.P. for that county from 1874 till 1880, when he was defeated at the General Election. Sir William married, in July, 1841, Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Parsons, C.M.G., by whom he leaves one son, now Sir Archibald Edmondstone, fifth Baronet, born May 30, 1867, and seven daughters.

SIR ST. VINCENT HAMMICK, BART.

The Rev. Sir St. Vincent Love Hammick, second Baronet, died at his residence, Milton Abbott, near Tavistock, Devon, on Feb. 19. He was born July 9, 1806, the second son of Sir Stephen Love Hammick, first Baronet, an eminent surgeon and physician; was educated at Exeter College, Oxford (B.A., 1828; M.A., 1830); was some time Fellow of Exeter College, and held the vicarage of Milton Abbott from 1836. Sir St. Vincent, who succeeded his father in 1867, married, April 6, 1837, Mary, second daughter of Mr. Robert Alexander, of Gloucester-place, Portman-square, formerly of the Madras Civil Service and Member of Council in India, and leaves issue. He is succeeded in the baronetcy by his eldest son, now Sir St. Vincent Alexander Hammick, third Baronet, who married, in 1869, Penelope Sarah Blanche, second daughter of Mr. Charles William Beauclerk, of Winchfield House, Hants, and by her (who died in 1886) has one son and two daughters.

SIR THOMAS PEYTON, BART.

Major-General Sir Thomas Peyton, fifth Baronet of Doddington, died on Feb. 18, at his residence, Swift's House, Bicester, in his seventy-first year. He was second son of the Rev. Algernon Peyton, Rector of Doddington, in the county of Cambridge, by Isabella Anne Hussey, his wife, grand-daughter maternally of Horatio, Earl of Orford, brother of Sir Robert Walpole, the celebrated Prime Minister. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and entered the Indian Army in 1838. The rank of Major-General he attained in 1873. He was J.P. for Oxfordshire and served as High Sheriff in 1881; he succeeded to the baronetcy at the decease of his cousin, Sir Algernon Peyton, in 1872; he was a prominent member of the Coaching and Four-in-hand Clubs. Sir Thomas married, Nov. 3, 1852, Lucy, daughter of Mr. William Watts, and leaves three sons and one daughter. The eldest son, now Sir Algernon Francis Peyton, sixth Baronet, late Captain 11th Hussars, was born in 1855.

SIR WILLIAM MARJORIBANKS, BART.

Sir William Marjoribanks, fourth Baronet, of Lees, in the county of Berwick, J.P. and D.L., died on Feb. 22, at Glenny-Mor, Torquay. He was born March 9, 1832, the second son of Sir William Marjoribanks, second Baronet, and grandson of Sir John Marjoribanks, of Lees, M.P., twice Lord Provost of Edinburgh, on whom the baronetcy was conferred in 1815. Sir William was educated at Eton and at Emanuel College, Cambridge, and succeeded his brother, Sir John, in 1884. He held for some years a captaincy in the Hertfordshire Militia. He married, Aug. 14, 1860, Frances Anne, daughter of Mr. Baldwin-Duppa Duppa, of Hollingbourne House, Kent, but had no issue. The title, consequently, becomes extinct.

ADMIRAL FULFORD.

Admiral John Fulford died on Feb. 15, at Bemerton, Salisbury, on the eve of his seventy-ninth birthday. He was third son of Lieut.-Colonel Baldwin Fulford, of Great Fulford, Devon, by Anna Maria, his wife, eldest daughter of Mr. William Adams, M.P., of Bowdon, and a descendant of the very ancient family of Fulford of Fulford. He entered the Royal Naval College in 1821, and was engaged on service in the Mediterranean for several years. In 1840 he was advanced to the rank of Commander, for the part he took at the bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre. He became Admiral in 1877. He married, June 6, 1844, Isabella, eldest daughter of Mr. John Russell, Principal Clerk of Session in Scotland, by whom he had issue.

MAJOR-GENERAL BURNETT.

Major-General Francis Claud Burnett, of Gadgirth, in the county of Ayr, J.P., late of the Royal Bengal Artillery, died on Feb. 15. He was born Oct. 2, 1809, the third son of Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Burnett, Bengal Artillery, entered the Army in 1827, and attained the rank of Major-General in 1863. He served with Brigadier Wheeler's force in the Punjab, 1848-9, and received a medal.

UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY'S

UNEQUALLED TEAS have the **LARGEST SALE** in the **WORLD**.
SUPPLIED ACTUALLY FIRST HAND DIRECT FROM THE
MINCING LANE MARKET.



UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY, Limited, will forward Samples and Book about Tea, free of Charge, on application, and respectfully ask the public to taste and judge for themselves. They solicit a trial of any of the following Teas from China, India, and Ceylon, blended by Machinery at their Duty-paid Stores, Imperial Warehouse, Leman-street, London Docks.



THE ADVANTAGES DERIVED BY BEING ABLE TO PROCURE TEA FIRST HAND WILL THEN BE STRIKINGLY APPARENT.

SAVING
SAVING
SAVING
SAVING
SAVING
SAVING

ONE SHILLING
ONE SHILLING
ONE SHILLING
ONE SHILLING
ONE SHILLING
A POUND.
A POUND.
A POUND.
A POUND.
A POUND.
A POUND.

- | | | |
|--|-----------|--------------|
| No. 1. HOYUNE and ASSAM | - - - - - | 1/3 a Pound. |
| No. 2. CONGOU and ASSAM | - - - - - | 1/6 „ |
| No. 3. OOPACK and CACHAR ASSAM | - - - - - | 1/9 „ |
| *No. 4. SPLENDID KAISOW and DARJEELING | - - - - - | 2/0 „ |

* This Tea is of exceptional value, and consists of the May pickings, covered with bloom. It has a rich, ripe, mellow flavour, and will give every satisfaction; to judge of its quality it should be compared with what is retailed at 3s. a pound and upwards. In families where a quantity of tea is consumed a large monetary saving will in the course of a year be effected by ordering this Tea.

Quantities of 7 lb., 10 lb., 14 lb., and 20 lb. Packed in Canisters without extra charge.

These TEAS are faithfully sent out **FIRST HAND** direct from the Mincing-lane Market, at the barest possible profit only on actual first cost. They are **Better in Quality** and very considerably **Lower in Price** than can even be obtained from any Civil Service or Co-operative Store; a comparison of the prices alone with those quoted in any of the Large Store Lists will at once be convincing proof of the accuracy of this statement, and show the advantage of dealing with this Company.

The **Duty-Paid Stores** of the **United Kingdom Tea Company** are fitted with machinery worked by the most approved modern steam power, the machines being capable of mixing and turning out upwards of 3000 pounds weight of Tea per hour. The Teas are not in any way touched by hand.

UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY have **No Retail Shops**, and do not supply less than One Pound.

United Kingdom Tea Company deliver in London and suburbs **CARRIAGE FREE**, and **PAY CARRIAGE** on 7 lb. and upwards to any address in the Kingdom.

UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY are daily receiving numbers of unsolicited Testimonials speaking in terms of high commendation of the quality and flavour of these Teas, and expressing astonishment at the marvellously low prices.

UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY have the honour of supplying all the Tea used in the **MEMBERS' REFRESHMENT ROOMS** of the **HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT**.

Read the following Press Opinions, among many others:—

Court Journal:—"A pamphlet issued by the United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited, of 21, Mincing-lane, London, should be perused by all tea drinkers. In the work before us an interesting history is given of the tea plant and tea trade, so that housekeepers who are dissatisfied with the quality and price of their tea have only themselves to blame if they do not find the remedy."

Whitehall Review:—"The policy of the United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited, is to supply tea direct from the Mincing-lane market, and thus, avoiding all middle men, intermediate profits are done away with."

Society:—"It is evidently an immense advantage to be able to procure tea of the best brands direct from the importers, and this can be done by applying to the United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited, of 21, Mincing-lane, London, who are in a position to retail the choicest teas at the lowest possible prices. The advantages offered by the Company are very great, and it is not surprising to hear their business is advancing by leaps and bounds."

Truth:—"Being a strong believer in the fact that half the tea we drink is spoilt in the making, I feel that I shall be doing all tea-drinking friends a kindness by reproducing the instructions for making tea which have been drawn up and issued by the United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited."

Naval and Military Gazette:—"The United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited, supply consumers in all parts of the United Kingdom with the finest teas direct from the Mincing-lane market, at the lowest market prices. The advantages thus offered are obvious."

St. Stephen's Review:—"I am not much of a tea drinker, but I flatter myself I am as good a judge as most people, and I have, therefore, no hesitation in recommending the teas supplied by the United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited, of 21, Mincing-lane, London. They are excellent. This Company buys direct, and therefore quotes absurdly low prices. They point out that high-priced teas are a delusion and a snare, and I believe them."

Lady's Pictorial:—"The United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited, are quite justified—judging from what we have tasted—in inviting the public to compare their teas with those of any other firm."

Primrose Record:—"The United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited, of 21, Mincing-lane, London, who devote their attention to the purity of their teas, are simply doing real benefit to the rich as well as the poor classes of the country thereby."

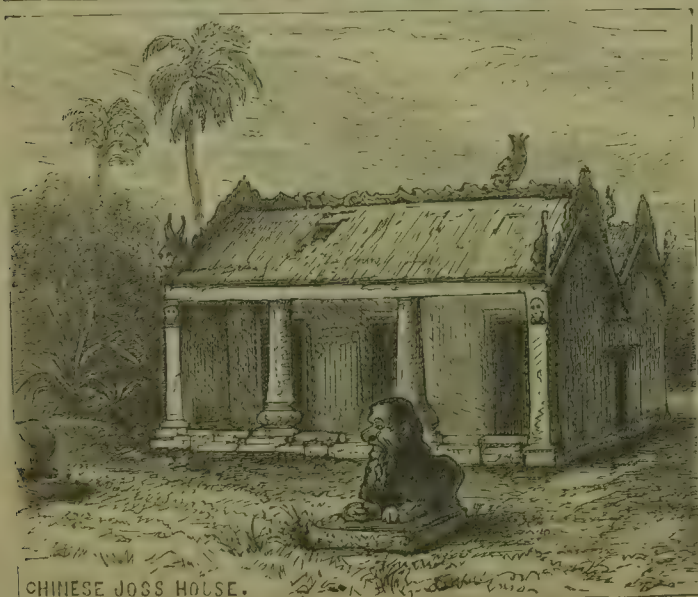
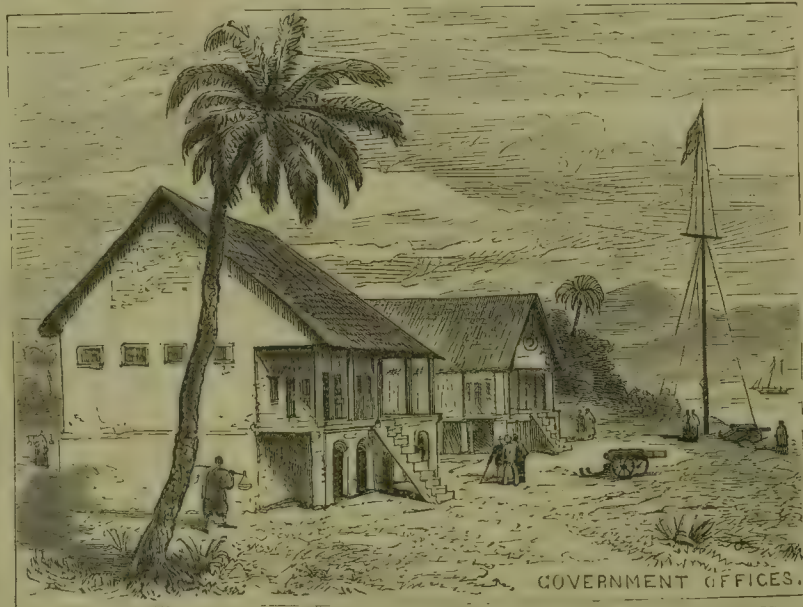
Public Opinion:—"A pure tea is one of those articles which, as a rule, it is hard to obtain, whatever price is paid. The United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited, have, however, taken the matter in hand, and are offering teas of the most delicate blends from China, India, and Ceylon, in quantities of not less than one pound."

Pictorial World:—"The United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited, have no dealing with middlemen, nor do they maintain any retail shops, while they sell direct to the public the pure leaf as imported. The increased use of the refreshing beverage ought, in the natural course of things, to further develop the extensive business carried on at 21, Mincing-lane."

UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY, LIMITED, ARE WITHOUT EXCEPTION THE LARGEST SUPPLIERS OF TEA IN THE KINGDOM.
United Kingdom Tea Company's Teas are of World-wide Reputation, and are sent out actually **FIRST HAND** direct from the Mincing-lane Market.

Address—**THE SECRETARY,**

UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY, LIMITED,
OFFICES—21, MINCING LANE, LONDON, E.C.





LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

BY

C. F. WATTS, R.A.



THE LATE PRINCE LOUIS OF BADEN.



MR. WILFRID BLUNT AND LADY ANNE BLUNT.



DRIVING THE TUNNELS OF THE LONDON AND SOUTHWARK SUB-RAILWAY UNDER THE THAMES.

THE LATE PRINCE LOUIS OF BADEN.

The Imperial family of Germany, already tried with severe anxiety for the Crown Prince, have suffered a mournful loss by the death, on Thursday, Feb. 23, of Prince Louis of Baden, second son of the Grand Duke, and a beloved grandson of the aged Emperor. The late Prince was born on June 12, 1865. He entered the Regiment of the 1st Guard Uhlans at Potsdam, and was a promising officer, while his amiable disposition endeared him to his comrades. Leaving active service to pursue his studies, he went to Freiburg, in Baden, and was attacked by inflammation of the lungs. His parents had just set out for the Riviera for the purpose of visiting the Hereditary Grand Duke and his consort at Cannes, and the Crown Prince, brother of the Grand Duchess, at San Remo. Word of the Prince's illness was sent after them, but none apprehended fatal consequences: however, the crisis came, and the Prince died. For the Grand Duke and Duchess the trouble is especially severe, as they were unable to reach the sick-bed of their son.

Mr. Arthur Ackermann, of 191, Regent-street, sole importer in England of Prang's American cards, has just received from this noted firm some choice specimens of Easter and birthday cards.

At the general meeting of the National Rifle Association, held on Feb. 23 at the Royal United Service Institution, Lord Wantage at first presided, and a discussion took place regarding the necessity for discontinuing the meetings at Wimbledon. The Duke of Cambridge afterwards arrived and took the chair. He moved the adoption of the report, which was carried, and his Royal Highness was re-elected president.

The usual weekly entertainment at Brompton Consumption Hospital, on Feb. 23, was organised by Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Upton, and consisted of the comedy drama of "Alone," by J. Palgrave Simpson and H. C. Merivale. The characters were taken by Mrs. Frederic Upton, Mrs. Charles Myers, Mr. Charles Myers, Mr. A. C. Purkiss, Mr. W. Waterton, and Mr. F. J. Lowe, all of whom earned the very hearty applause of their audience.—On the previous occasion Mr. E. D. Stern gave a lecture, entitled "A Personally-conducted Tour Round the World," illustrated by over a hundred charming dissolving views from photographs taken by himself.

Miss Emily Faithfull has been favoured with the following reply from Sir P. W. Currie in answer to her letter respecting Mr. Mortimer's statement of the condition of the ladies sent by Mrs. Parker, of Warrington, to Los Angeles:—"Foreign Office, Feb. 27. I am directed by the Marquis of Salisbury to acquaint you that a copy of your letter of the 21st relating to Mrs. Parker's complaint against Mr. Mortimer, formerly British Vice-Consul at Los Angeles, has been referred to Mr. Donohoe, her Majesty's Consul at San Francisco, for a report, the purport of which will be duly communicated to you. I am to add that Mr. Mortimer has recently resigned the post that he held in the Consular Service."

In London 2473 births and 1772 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 449, and the deaths 69, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 18 from measles, 32 from scarlet fever, 30 from diphtheria, 127 from whooping cough, 16 from enteric fever, 8 from diarrhoea and dysentery, 1 from choleraic diarrhoea, and not one from smallpox, typhus, or ill-defined forms of continued fever. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had declined in the five preceding weeks from 591 to 487, further fell last week to 478, being 23 below the corrected average. Different forms of violence caused 62 deaths; 53 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 22 from fractures and contusions, 12 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, 2 from poison, and 10 of infants under one year of age from suffocation.

MR. WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

The political adventures of this gentleman, who is now undergoing a sentence of imprisonment in Ireland, for the offence of making a speech at a legally prohibited meeting at Woodford, in the county of Galway, and whose candidature for Deptford has resulted in the polling on Wednesday, preceded by Mrs. Gladstone's active personal efforts in his support, must have rendered him an object of popular interest. He is a country gentleman of good position, forty-seven years of age, having been born in 1840, and being the only now surviving son of Francis Scawen Blunt, Esq., of Crabtree Hall, near Crawley, in Sussex, who died in 1842, and to whose estate Mr. Wilfrid Blunt eventually succeeded. His family being of the Roman Catholic faith, he was educated at Stonyhurst College, and at St. Mary's College, Oscott; after which he entered the diplomatic service of the Foreign Office, and was, from 1859 to 1862, an attaché successively to the Embassies at the Hague, at Athens, at Frankfurt, and at Madrid; third secretary to those at Paris, Lisbon, and Frankfurt, in 1864 and 1865; second secretary at Buenos Ayres, in 1867; and at Berne, in 1869 and 1870. He married, in 1869, Lady Anne Isabella Noel, who was born in 1837, daughter of the first Earl of Lovelace, and grandchild of Lord Byron, the poet; her mother being the "Ada," sole daughter of my house and heart, who is touchingly addressed in the third canto of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." Lady Anne Blunt has shown great spirit, courage, and intelligence on many occasions, in sharing her husband's pursuits. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, coming into his family property on the death of his brother in 1872, quitted the diplomatic service, and was accompanied by his wife in romantic travels in the East. They wandered some time in Arabia, Syria, and Mesopotamia, dwelling with the wild Arab tribes, and they jointly wrote an interesting book in which their experiences are described. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt is familiarly acquainted with Arabian views of religion and politics, and is author of a volume, "The Future of Islam," originally published in the *Fortnightly Review*, which presents quite a different side of Mohammedanism and its Empire from that commonly entertained by observers of Turkey and the intrigues ever rife at Constantinople. He sympathised, therefore, with the aspirations of Arabi Pasha and his disciples in Egypt towards national independence; he offered his services, in 1882, to negotiate with them for terms of reconciliation to the Khedive, but the British Government forbade his mediation; and, when Arabi Pasha was defeated and imprisoned, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt demanded a fair trial for him, and paid the costs of his defence. His intervention, begun last year, in the Irish Question, whatever may be thought of his mode of action, has undoubtedly been prompted by motives of chivalrous enthusiasm, while Lady Anne Blunt has stood beside him with a fearless devotion which excites natural sympathy, besides the interest felt in her as the only descendant of a great English poet, as the child of one to whom Byron addressed these lines—

I see thee not, I hear thee not; but none
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend;
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart, when mine is cold—
A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.

A romantic drama, entitled "Fifty Years After," by S. Topelius, translated from the Swedish by Herr Albert Alberg, was performed at St. George's Hall on Feb. 25.

The returns of Irish emigration show that last year the number of persons who left Ireland was 19,000 more than in the preceding year.

Colonel Sir Charles Nugent, at the Royal United Service Institution, on Feb. 24, read a paper on the means of securing our coast line against sudden attack. Lord Brassey presided.

THE CITY AND SOUTH LONDON SUBWAY.

An underground railway from King William-street, City, passing beneath the Thames to Southwark, and thence to Newington-butt and to Clapham, is now being constructed. One tunnel has been completed from King William-street to St. George's church in Southwark, the first station south of the Thames. The second tunnel is almost completed for the same distance, with the exception of about 100 yards. Both tunnels are being pushed forward towards the Elephant and Castle, and the works for the station there, and the stations at King William-street and Great Dover-street, are in hand. At the terminal station at Stockwell sinking operations will also very shortly commence. The means of access for passengers, between the level of the underground railway and the level of the streets, will be hydraulic lifts, two of which, each to take fifty persons, will be at work at each station. There will also be steps at the stations. As the carriages are to be drawn by wire ropes, working from a stationary engine, the atmosphere should be much fresher than in the tunnels of the Metropolitan Railways north of the Thames. It is hoped that the first section of the line will be opened for traffic in the summer of this year.

The Second Chamber of the Netherlands States-General has passed by fifty-one against three votes the Ministerial Bill authorising the Government to conclude with a Dutch company a fifteen-years' contract, commencing in 1891, for a mail packet service to the Dutch East Indies.

The Duke de Montpensier arrived in Madrid on Feb. 25, and was welcomed by several members of the Royal family. He has given an assurance of his intention to hold himself aloof from the domestic politics of Spain.—A Reuter's telegram from Madrid states that the Spanish Senate have approved the Bill establishing trial by jury by 122 against 52 votes. In the Congress of Deputies on Feb. 24 the debate on Señor Lastre's motion implying a vote of censure on Señor Moret, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, was concluded, the motion being rejected by 170 votes to 47.—Madame Adelina Patti gave her concluding performance at the Teatro Real in Madrid on Feb. 27. The house was a crowded one, the receipts amounting to 50,000 pesetas. Much enthusiasm was displayed. Flowers, wreaths, and presents were showered upon the stage. Madame Patti appeared in selections from "Crispino," "Lucia," "Il Barbiere," and "Il Bacio." She will embark at Lisbon for her South American tour. Queen Christina gave an audience to Madame Patti, who said she was preparing her autobiography, which will soon be published in London and Paris.

The Russian *Official Messenger* publishes a statement of the views of the Russian Government on the Bulgarian Question. It declares that the arrival of Prince Ferdinand in Sofia, and his assumption of power, were contrary to the stipulations of the Treaty of Berlin. It describes the Prince as not the legal ruler, but merely a robber of power. The Imperial Government is far from entertaining the idea of making anyone responsible for the past, and will, after the removal of the usurper, avail itself of the first sincere declaration of the Bulgarian people made through their representatives.

The United States House of Representatives has passed the Submarine Cables Protection Bill.—Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Merrill, who live near Meadville, Pennsylvania, have celebrated their diamond wedding. Mr. Merrill is ninety-seven years of age, and his wife is eighty-nine. They were married in the year 1813, when the wife was but fourteen years old. The aged couple have fifteen children living, ninety-four grandchildren, and thirty-five great-grandchildren, all of whom were present at the celebration.—The death is announced at Washington, of Mr. William Corcoran, the well-known wealthy philanthropist.—The Union-square Theatre, New York, was burnt down on Feb. 23, as well as the larger part of the Morton House Hotel adjoining.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

LAST NIGHTS OF MISS MARY ANDERSON'S SEASON.

Sole Lessee, Mr. Henry Irving.
EVERY EVENING at 8.15 MISS MARY ANDERSON as HERMIONE and PERDITA in Shakespeare's play of THE WINTER'S TALE. Messrs. J. Forbes-Robertson, P. H. Macklin, J. Maclean, G. Warde, W. H. Stephens, J. Anderson, A. Lewis, P. Mellish, Pogden, Black, Wynn, Raphael, and Charles Collette. Misses John Robinson, Tibbitt, Ayton, Dacre, Desmond, and MISS MARY ANDERSON. At 7.30, the farce VANDYKE BROWN.

MORNING PERFORMANCES OF WINTER'S TALE THIS DAY (Sunday), MARCH 3, and SATURDAY NEXT, MARCH 4, on which occasions there will be NO PERFORMANCE in the Evening.

By special request, MORNING PERFORMANCE, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, PYRAMION and GALATEA (the only time this season).

Seats can now be secured till the close of the Season, at the Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst), from Ten till Five; or by letter or telegram.

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THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER X.

"Within the sand of what far river lies
The gold that gleams in tresses of my Love?
What highest circle of the heavens above
Is jewelled with such stars as are her eyes?
And where is the rich sea whose coral vies
With her red lips, that cannot kiss enough?
What dawn-lit garden knew the rose, whereof
The fled soul lives in her cheeks' rosy guise?"

"Well, I declare!" exclaims Mrs. Threepenny-bit, in accents of only half-smothered indignation, as she comes into the saloon at an early hour. "In all my life I never knew such weather! The tourists talk about the rain in the West Highlands! The West Highlands don't know how to rain; they should come here to take a lesson. And just as we are about to get to such interesting places! Captain Columbus told me yesterday that we should almost certainly get to Warwick to-morrow night. But I suppose the whole district that used to be the Forest of Arden will be flooded—I wonder how Rosalind, and Celia, and Touchstone would have liked that. And I hoped we should be able to see the ruins of Kenilworth by moonlight. Moonlight, indeed! We needn't expect to find the ghost of poor Amy Robsart wandering about in weather like this."

Here Murdoch enters.

"Murdoch, don't you wish you were back in the Highlands to get a glimpse of the sun again?"

Murdoch looks puzzled.

"Yes, Mem; I think there's another shower coming over."

"Another shower coming over! It is raining as hard as ever it knows how."

"Oh, yes; it is a pad country, this, for rain—a ferry pad country for rain, Mem. I was thinking I neffer before sah so much land under watter."

Here Miss Rosslyn enters.

"Peggy, if I write a history of this trip, I will call it 'A Voyage in Waterproofs.'"

"Well," says Miss Peggy, with her wonted cheerfulness, "what better could we do than devote such a day to literature? I'm going to write a novel."

"With the Hypothenuse for hero?" Jack Duncombe suggests.

"Oh, no; something very serious indeed. You'll see. Just wait until Murdoch has cleared the table after breakfast; and then I will make a beginning that will show you something."

However, when Murdoch had cleared the table, it appeared that it was required for another purpose: Mrs. Threepenny-bit wanted to do up her flowers for the day—including the roses presented by Mr. A'Becket; and soon she had the cloth removed, and was busily at work. Peggy went and got her banjo. First she played, in a careless way, some plantation dance or other of which we did not know the name. Then, in almost an undertone, she sang—

Mary had a little lamp
Filled full of kerosene;
She went with it to light the fire
And has not since benzine.

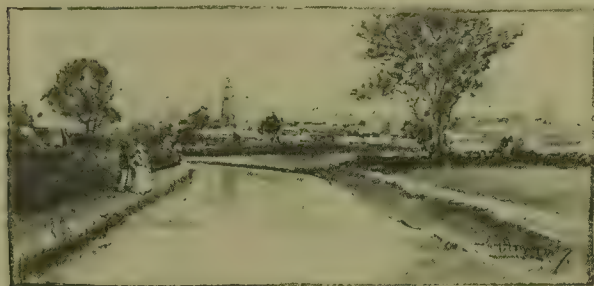
Suddenly, at the conclusion of these touching words, there was a simultaneous roar of a chorus—

Then carry me back to old Tennessee,
There let me live and die.

She sang "How doth the little busy bee"; she sang "Ye banks and braes"; she sang " Sylvia hath a beaming eye," or any other thing that could be suggested to her; and ever the recurrent and stormy chorus was volunteered her at the end of each verse. Jack Duncombe caught up the air at once, and joined in with a will. It was his initiation into the art and practice of madness as an antidote against despair and rage and rain. Nay, he himself made random shots at verses to suit, and was anxious to relieve Miss Rosslyn from the duty of singing the solo. But at last she laid aside the banjo.

"Really, this is mere frivolity," she said, with a pre-occupied air. "I must set about my novel, even if I can't have the table."

She went to the ladies' cabin and returned with a tiny writing-desk, which she proceeded to balance on her knee as she sat sideways on her seat. Then we could perceive that she was engaged in the agony of composition. Biting the end of



At length we come to a town. It was the town of Banbury.

her pencil seemed to help her a little. Her brows were knitted; her face was grave; and yet one could half fancy that there was mischief in her downcast eyes.

"Come, Miss Peggy," one says to her, "let's hear what start you have made."

"Oh, don't interrupt; you have no idea how horribly difficult it is. I want something bold and thrilling for a beginning—something that will arrest the attention of the critics."

"If you write for the critics you won't come to much good," says Jack Duncombe, who rarely fails to have his fling when the chance is given him. "I have been thinking of addressing a letter to M. Pasteur, asking him if he couldn't inoculate one against the effects of criticism. He might render you safe from the bites of the rabid beasts."

"How am I to get on, if you interrupt?" complains Miss Peggy; but there is not much anger in her petulance.

"Peggy," says Mrs. Threepenny-bit, "do you always put out the tip of your tongue while you are writing?"

"Only when I am writing a novel," she answers placidly.

"Is it at your readers, or at your critics, or at your companions?"

Miss Peggy does not look up.

"That's telling. I put out my tongue."

"Oh, I suppose you think we are in one of the streets of Verona!" says Mrs. Threepenny-bit, with some vague recollection of a Montague and Capulet quarrel.

Here, however, Miss Peggy not only raises her eyes, she also puts aside her writing-desk, and gets up. She edges towards the door and opens it. Her glance is fixed upon her hostess; and it is full of malice; perhaps she is annoyed by these unseemly interruptions.

"Oh, no," she says, retreating still further, "we're not

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"Oh no," she says, retreating. . . . In a twinkling she disappears, and the same instant a sponge surcharged with water strikes the edge of the door, just where her saucy face had been.

in Verona at all. Verona house-boat in the middle of England."

In a twinkling she disappears; and the same instant a sponge surcharged with water strikes the edge of the door, just where her saucy face had been. It was a very good aim for a woman: had Mrs. Threepenny-bit been the thirtieth part of a second quicker, that impertinent hussy would have met with the punishment she richly deserved. Then we made bold to take up the sheet of paper on which Miss Peggy had pencilled the opening lines of her novel. Thus they ran:—
"It was a cold day in New York—a cold, cold winter's day. In the chill easterly blast the brown-stone buildings had turned to a livid purple; and the veins in the marble blocks ran blue. Not a single statue in Central Park had a nose or a toe left; all had dropped off, frost-bitten by the terrible wind."

"Ah, there is no sentiment among the young people of these days," says Queen Tita, as she sprinkles the roses with her wet fingers. "When I was at school, the girls used often to try to write stories; but they were always full of noble people and beautiful aspirations. Now-a-days, there is nothing but burlesque. That wretch has been simply making a fool of us."

At this moment Miss Peggy reappears.

"Come along—come along, everybody," she says briskly.

"The morning is clearing up beautifully; I believe it is going to be quite fine. And Captain Columbus is here; and he has brought a whole multitude of people with him—two men and a boy at the very least; and they have a barrow; and he wants to know if he can come into the saloon to lift the flooring. There is quite a commotion outside."

This was stirring news indeed, after the silence and inactivity of these last four-and-twenty hours; and forthwith we swarmed out, to greet the reappearance of our crew. We found Columbus in the midst of this vast concourse; and a busy and important man was he; for he had already purchased three hundredweight of old iron, and was now bargaining for a fourth. It turned out that there was another bridge, not far ahead, that was likely to trouble us; and our gallant skipper, with a foresight and a resolution reminding us of the qualities that enabled his great namesake to discover a new world, had determined to reduce the height of the boat by cramming in a lot more ballast. Strange ballast it was, when we came to examine it. Apparently, it was refuse from some railway factory; there were all kinds of bolts, and screws, and rivets, and nuts, and bits of rail; and, as Columbus proceeded to tear up the flooring of the saloon, and to wedge in this old iron alongside the other ballast, one began to wonder what would happen supposing that the Nameless Barge were to be sunk somewhere—in the Severn, for example—and lie imbedded there for "an eternity or two." What would the new race of mortals, with their aerial navigation, make of these strange fragments? Would they recognise them as belonging to the half-mythic railway age? And perhaps a few ribs and planks of our noble vessel might remain, to offer materials for all kinds of conjecture? Well; they might be able to reconstruct the Nameless Barge, perhaps; but they were not likely to figure out in their imagination that it ever contained a creature so perverse, and wilful, and bewildering, and demure, and generally dangerous and demoniacal as our Peggy. She was talking to Captain Columbus now with an air of innocent curiosity on her face that would have deceived her own mother. And Captain Columbus—who had that morning bought for himself in Oxford a straw hat, and a brilliant blue necktie, and made himself very smart indeed—was excessively proud and pleased that the young lady should be so interested in his work, and became quite communicative about boats, and bridges, and tunnels, and what not. Miss Peggy listened with a grave attention. It is always a pleasing sight to see a young mind engaged in the acquisition of knowledge.

Glad enough were we to find ourselves once more in motion; and as we stole quietly on through this unknown region, the skies were banking themselves up into April-looking masses of silver grey and purple grey, while bars of vivid sunlight chased each other across the richly-wooded landscape. But our literary projects were not altogether abandoned. We returned to the subject of Miss Peggy's novel. She confessed that there was a touch of exaggeration in her description of a cold day in New York; but she wanted the opening to be effective.

"But your characters, Miss Peggy, what about them? Is it to be a tragedy or a comedy?"

"Oh! I don't know," she says artlessly. "I don't know that there will be much of a story. You know they say that all the stories have been told."

"They say? Who say? Don't you believe any such rubbish. As long as there are two men and a woman in the world—or two women and a man, for that matter—the elemental passions will be there—love, jealousy, hatred, rage, despair, and all the rest of them—and there will be plenty of romantic story to tell, tragic or idyllic as the case may be, if there is anybody capable of telling it. Don't you follow the lead of any literary knife-grinder?"

"But I say," interposes our young Dramatist, "that is rather an awful picture, isn't it? I don't mean the two men and one woman left in the world; that would soon right itself; one of the men would soon be a dead 'un. But fancy the two women and the one man—just think what his situation would be!"

"Yes," says Queen Tita, "what would you do, supposing you were the man?"

"I?" he answers—and then for a second he pauses, as if the horror of the possibility were too bewildering. "Well, I think this is what I would do. I would go to them and say, 'My dear friends, a very extraordinary thing has happened. If you'll only climb up to the top of these Downs, you will find that the English Channel has gone dry—the water is all away; and if you like you can walk across dry-shod and then go on to Paris, and see if there are any bonnets and parasols left in the shop-windows.' Very likely they wouldn't believe me; but at all events they would be sure to go up to have a look; and then, as soon as I had seen them started, do you know where I should be?—I should be on the main road to the north, running as hard as my legs could carry me, and I shouldn't think myself safe until I had got up to the Moor of Rannoch or somewhere behind Ben Nevis."

"O ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road," murmurs Queen Tita as a kind of aside, "and I'll be in Scotland before ye!"

"Madam," one says to her, "you'd better go no further with that Loch Lomond song. The refrain is genuine, the rest of it has 'spurious' written on every line."

"The melody is pretty," she pleads in excuse.

"Undoubtedly. It is simply 'The Bonnie House o' Airlie.'"

"At all events the words are not quite so preposterous as those of 'Allan Percy,'" she says. "I think that is about the worst imitation of a Scotch ballad that I ever met with—and it is of American make, Peggy!"

But Peggy is looking rather stupefied.

"Allan Percy," she says. "Isn't it Scotch? I always thought it was a real Scotch ballad—and very pretty, too!"

"Oh, Peggy!" her friend cries, in accents of deep distress. "Don't talk like that. You quite alarm me. If you don't instinctively feel that the words of that wretched thing are as foreign to the whole spirit of Scotch song-writing as they can be—and that the music is just as foreign, too, to the whole spirit of Scotch music—then I am simply frightened to think of the trouble I shall have in teaching you. And of course it's got to be done. But fancy the time! And how am I to begin? Well, perhaps you'd best start with Aytoun's 'Ballads of Scotland'!"

"I know another way," says Miss Peggy.

"And what is that?"

"Take me to Scotland with you," says the young lady, without more ado.

Queen Tita's soft brown eyes smile a quick approval.

"Do you know, Peggy, that is the prettiest speech you have made since you came on board this boat, and the most sensible, too. And I shall consider it a promise."

Very Spring-like indeed was this fresh-blowing morning, with its skies of purple and silver, its sudden bursts of sunlight, and the curiously-vivid greens of the rain-washed and rustling foliage. And as the floral decoration of the saloon was now finished, and as Miss Peggy seemed disinclined to resume her literary labours, we had the boat stopped for a second or two, and all of us went ashore for a stroll along the bank, the two women setting out by themselves arm-in-arm. This was a strangely voiceless country through which we were

going. There was hardly a sound anywhere; the only living things visible were some Highland cattle, that looked picturesque enough in the lush meadows, though a background of grey rock, green bracken, and crimson heather might have been more appropriate. Nevertheless, we know that there must be some population somewhere in this lonely region; for at one and the same time we could make out the spires of three churches peeping up above the trees: and our gallant captain informed us that these three churches were built by three brothers, who chose the sites so that if any one of them wanted the loan of a hammer it could be thrown to him. It was in this neighbourhood that we came to the bridge about which we had been warned; and well was it that our faithful Columbus had had the forethought to put in the additional four hundredweight of ballast. Even as it was, we had enormous difficulty in getting through; and we began to wonder what the Nameless Barge would be like at the end of our voyage, if she had to encounter much more of this scraping and bumping. But we did get her through—that was the main point; and thereafter left her to her sober gliding through this still landscape, while we continued our careless stroll and talk.

Oddly enough, it was Miss Peggy who formed the chief subject of Mr. Jack Duncombe's conversation on this soft-aired morning; and it was curious to find from how many

attempt to write a story, how I should begin to describe the heroine.

"And, naturally, you took Miss Peggy for your heroine. Very well; did you succeed?"

"Of course I did not put anything down in writing; I was merely looking at her from time to time, and thinking," says the young man, with much modesty. "Well, you know, there are certain things you could definitely name. You might say she had beautiful hair."

"You might—especially when it gets blown about by wind and rain on her way to church."

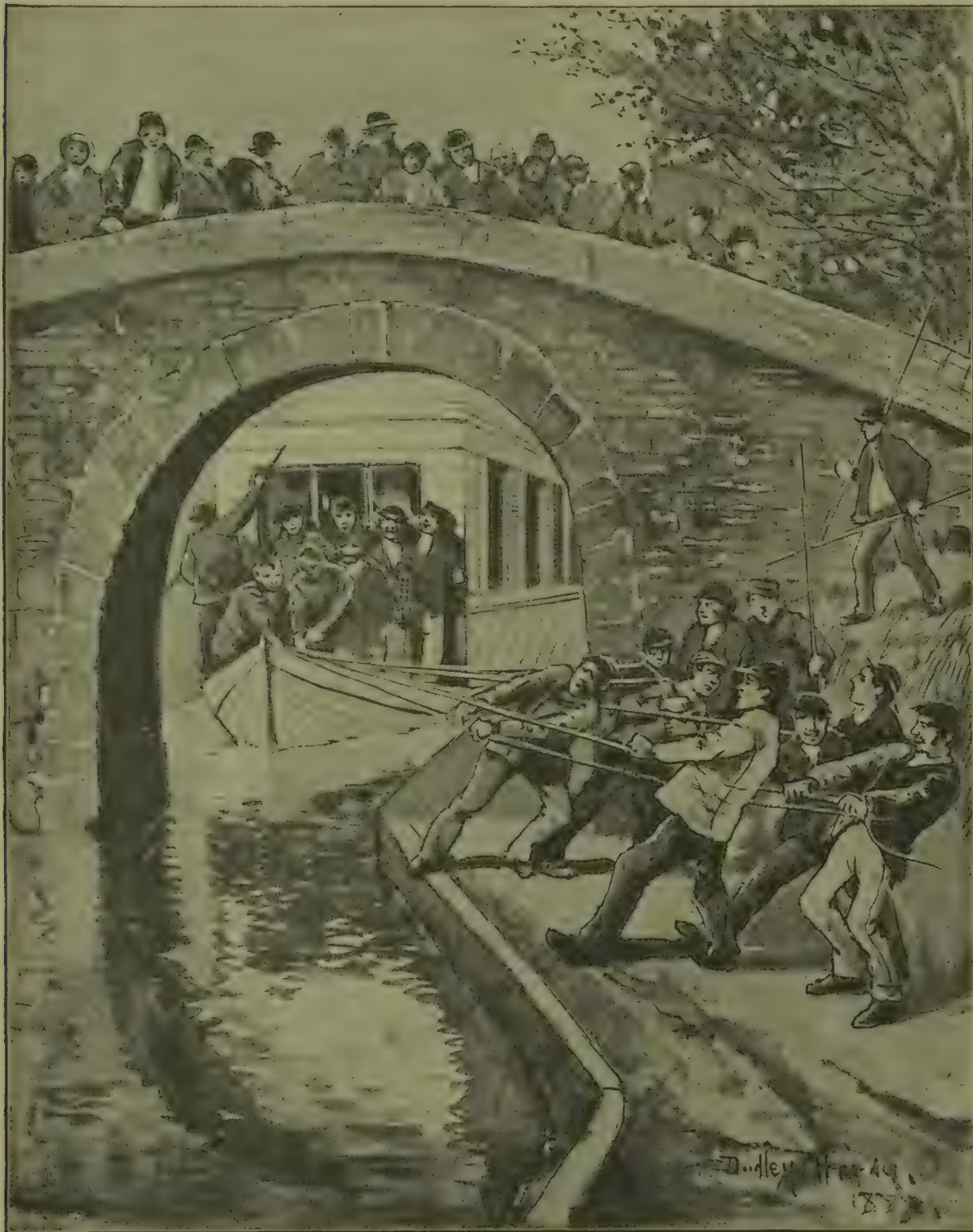
"Golden-brown, I would call it; and a little wavy here and there; that is something you could definitely say. Then her forehead—you might call her forehead intelligent?" he suggests, with a trifle of timidity.

"You might—but it wouldn't convey very much."

"That's just where it is! That's just the difficulty. Of course you have noticed what a beautifully-shaped nostril she has?"

"In a general way, perhaps."

"But that would sound absurd in a book! Of course you might do what the poets do—bring in all kinds of things as similes—you might give her cherry lips, and rose-petal cheeks, and speedwell-blue eyes, and all the rest of it; but that wouldn't be Miss Rosslyn."



They got ropes and hauled; they got poles and pushed.

points of view that young lady seemed to prove interesting to him. He was looking at her as she walked on ahead with her friend; and he remarked, with something of a critical air,

"I wish Miss Rosslyn was an actress."

"Indeed; and why?"

"I wish she was an actress; and that I could write a piece for her, in which she should play the heroine. Fancy what a chance that would be for me! That always seems to me the great pull a playwright has over a novelist: whatever the playwright's heroine may be like, at least the public see that she is alive. All that he has to do is to invent situations for her, and give her words to speak. She is alive; and the public see for themselves what she is. In a novel it is only a description of the person that is there; and it must be horribly difficult to get that lifelike."

"Not at all; anybody can do it."

"Why, this very morning I was trying to think what I should do if I wanted to describe Miss Rosslyn in a book; and I couldn't in the least see how it was to be done. Even her appearance," he continues, looking once more in that critical fashion at the young lady ahead of us, "even her appearance would come down to a mere catalogue that wouldn't tell you much, would it? You see, if she came on the stage, then everyone would recognise the symmetry of her figure, and—and—the kind of graceful way she moves—and the animation—the intelligence—of her face. But in a book, what are you to do?"

"What, indeed!"

"I was trying, just for fun, you know"—

"To describe Miss Peggy?"

"No, not exactly? but I was wondering, if I should

"No?"

"It's all very well to say that her cheek is like the petal of a rose; but that tells you nothing about the curious little dimple that appears there when she has been saying something very audacious to your wife, in a perfectly grave voice, and with her eyes cast down. No," he adds, almost with a touch of vexation, "I don't believe the minutest catalogue that could be made of her features would be of any use at all—no matter how true it might be. There's a—something—about her expression that makes Miss Rosslyn Miss Rosslyn, and unlike any other girl I ever saw. Perhaps it is her eyes?" he says suddenly.

"It may be her eyes."

"There is a sort of submission in them when she looks at you—as if—well, as though they might very readily laugh at you, only that her natural courtesy keeps them serious. It is a very curious look."

"Yes?"

"And then there is a kind of harmony of expression in her face—I mean—well, when she laughs ever so little, her eyes and her lips and the dimple in her cheeks seem to brighten up all together—I don't quite know how to describe it—but I'm sure you couldn't put it into a book. Perhaps it is that there is so much life in her face; and you can't describe life, you know; it is an intangible, invisible, unknown thing; and yet there is plenty of it in Miss Rosslyn's face."

"Really?"

"If you were putting her into a book, now, how would you describe her?" this remarkably cool person proceeds.

"Oh, I wouldn't try. As you say, it might be too difficult. Besides, she might not interest me as she interests you."

"You don't think her interesting?" he says, surprised into some brief expression of disappointment.

"In a way, perhaps. She seems a nice kind of creature—if she wouldn't make puns."

"Well, now," he says warmly, "I am delighted to hear her make puns, for it shows she is not standing on ceremony with her companions for the time being. And really I cannot understand the fuss people make in pretending to be shocked by any little joke of that kind. I call it simply a very bad form of affectation. Why, what takes them to a burlesque?—yet you'll hear a whole audience cry 'Oh! oh! oh!'—and they are delighted and laughing all the same, especially if the pun is an atrocious one. I am very glad to find Miss Rosslyn so frank."

"Well, that settles it. I won't remonstrate with her any more."

"I like to hear you talk like that!" he has the insolence to say. "You know quite well that when she does or says anything outrageous it is done simply to please you. She looks to you for approval every time; I have seen her again and again; she is always watching you at dinner, if she has anything malicious to say. Your wife declares that if you did not encourage her in mischief she would be as well-behaved a girl as any in the country. Not that I have ever seen anything really to object to; of course not; I like fun as well as anybody; and I certainly like to find a girl like that enjoying plenty of freedom. She has an abundance of high spirits, hasn't she? Oh, but I say," this young man continues, suddenly changing his tone, "didn't she make an awful fool of that prig, A'Becket? Did you ever see anything like it? Wasn't it delightful? Why, she made him believe he was the cleverest fellow she had ever beheld. She flattered him just off his head. And it was done so nicely and neatly—and so seriously: of course he didn't suspect a little bit. Anyone else, though, could see what was going on. Oh, I assure you it was beautiful to look at!"

"Then you consider Miss Peggy an arrant hypocrite?—is that your conclusion?"

"A hypocrite?—certainly not. It was merely her kindness. If a man is such an ass as to like being flattered—well, he gets what he wants. Don't you think he was pleased? He grinned with his long front teeth until I thought he was going to tumble into his own mouth. I consider it was the height of good-nature for Miss Rosslyn to take so much trouble in making herself agreeable to a fellow like that."

"But she did take the trouble!"

"Oh, yes," he admits, rather grudgingly. "She did. I suppose his airs and affectations amused her. And then, as I say, she is very good-natured; and he was your guest; of course she made herself agreeable to him—in an ordinary kind of way."

"And have you decided, then, on putting her into a book?"

He hesitates for a moment.

"No; I'm afraid she would puzzle me a little too much. But just fancy if I had a comedy, and she was to play the heroine. Why, her mere appearance on the stage would be half the battle; the first flash of her eyes, and the public would be in a pleasant and favourable mood. In private life, too," he continues, "I should say her face was a very efficient passport. She seems to find not much difficulty in making friends."

"But you haven't yet quite decided what is the particular fascination she exercises, have you?"

"I decide it?—not I! But what I am pretty sure of is this—that you wouldn't get at it by giving a catalogue of her features. No; it's some quality—perhaps some mental quality—perhaps some quality of disposition—that seems to make her attractive. She's very companionable, for one thing. She's not stiff. Her laugh is quite delightfully frank. There's no humbug about her. I should say that her mind was of a particularly healthy tone; she seems to have the natural carelessness of a child—although your wife sometimes teases her by attributing all kinds of evil designs to her. Of course that's merely nonsense. You can see what excellent friends they are really. And she seems to be very affectionate."

"Who?"

"Miss Rosslyn."

"Miss Rosslyn again! My young friend, if you go on in this way, it isn't merely a description of Miss Rosslyn you'll have constructed, but a whole library of volumes about her. Suppose, for a couple of seconds, we talk about something else!"

"Ah!" he says, "it's all very well. You pretend not to be interested. You come and ask me what is the secret of her fascination?"

"Did I really?"

"At all events you affect an indifference that you don't show when Miss Rosslyn and you are together," he says, with some touch of resentment. "One would almost think there was some secret understanding between you two—I mean that a third person hasn't a fair chance. I believe that she bamboozled that Oxford fellow simply and solely for your amusement."

"That is a very shocking thing to say of a young lady. However, as you have now got a perfectly clear conception of Miss Rosslyn's character, viewed from every possible standpoint, why shouldn't you put that into a book? It seems a pity that the result of so much study should be thrown away in idle talking."

"I'll wait," he answers, somewhat moodily—and who can tell what dark suspicions appear to have suddenly leapt into his head? "Since she made such a fool of that fellow A'Becket, perhaps she may be trying to make a fool of me; who knows?"

"And that is the end of all your praise of her!"

"Oh, no; I don't take back anything I have said," he answers irresolutely. "But she is a clever-headed young woman; and—and she may be having her fun. That is only natural, at her age. Who could object?"

"I don't think you, at least, should object to the way in which she has treated you. Most young men would even be a little grateful."

"Oh, well," he says, with a careless air, "if it amuses her, of course I am very glad."

At this moment the two women-folk ahead paused for a few seconds, to allow us to overtake them; and as we drew near to them, and as our young Dramatist found that Miss Peggy's remarkably clear and expressive eyes were regarding him—and regarding him with a most amiable look—it is hardly to be wondered at that his face brightened up a little.

"Mr. Duncombe," she said (and you should have seen how instantly attentive he was, and respectful, and anxious to please), "Captain Columbus tells me we shall be at Banbury before long. That is some kind of a town, I suppose. And do you think it likely you could get me some blank music sheets?"

"Oh, yes, certainly!" was the immediate rejoinder.

"You know I am going to keep you to your promise of writing out for me 'The Green Bushes,'" said Miss Peggy, most pleasantly and cheerfully, "and I must do something by way of exchange. You rather liked the 'Daisy' clog-dance—shall I note that down for you?"

"Will you?" he said quickly.

"Oh, yes, or any of them you happen to like," she said, in

the most good-natured way. "Several of them I picked up merely by hearing them—and I doubt whether you could get them in England. Now, if we have the blank music with us, I could jot down any of them for you, at any odd moment."

"We'll, that is awfully kind of you!" said he, with the most submissive gratitude. "And—and let me see—what was the name of that very pretty one you played this morning?"

This subject having been started, these two naturally walked on together. And where were all his wild suspicions now? Where was his "stand-off" attitude? Of course he was telling her how charmingly she played these tripping compositions, and of course she was saying how the song of the "Green Bushes" would remind her of this excursion when she was far away in America; and of course he was telling her that, when he was helping to plan out the expedition, he had no idea it would prove so enjoyable, though everyone could see how much of that was owing to herself, and her happy fashion of making the best of everything. Poor wretch!—poor wretch! His suspicious mood was by far the safer for him; but young people will go their own way.

And at length we came to a town! It was the town of Banbury. We contemplated with a strange curiosity this mighty congeries of houses and buildings, and roofs and chimneys; and felt quite shy on encountering the gaze of the myriads of people who were hanging about the canal-basin. That was but a first and fleeting impression, however. When the horse had been led away to a stable, and when Murdoch had been entrusted with sundry commissions, we were free to explore this centre of civilisation for ourselves; and found it rather a featureless and empty little place, bearing a general kind of resemblance to Chipping Norton. Our own purchases did not extend beyond the blank sheets of music, though we stared at the shop windows with that aimless wish to buy something which generally gets into the head of boating-folk when they go ashore. No, Banbury did not interest us much. But before we had got away from the place, we had formed the conclusion that the familiar Oxfordshire rhyme—

*Banbury Church
That hasn't got a steeple:
A very dirty town,
And a very proud people—*

is grossly malicious, libellous, and untrue. So far from being proud, the people of Banbury simply overpowered us with their polite attentions. The fact was that we had here to face the two most wretchedly small and unmanageable bridges that we found on the whole of our route; and the population of Banbury, no doubt, ashamed of these obstructions, and sympathising with us in our anxious distress, were of one mind that we should not be stopped if their united exertions could assist us through. They got ropes and hauled. They got poles and pushed. They swarmed into the stern-sheets, in humility and kindness acting as additional ballast. They clustered on to the bow, to give us the benefit there also of their weight. Finally a lot of them got on the top, and lay on their backs, and shoved against the low arch with their feet. Amid all this wild struggling, a slight grating noise was heard, undoubtedly the boat was beginning to move; their efforts were redoubled; at length we shot triumphantly through, and our multitude of friends could now go ashore again and regard with satisfaction the victory they had achieved. And yet they say that the inhabitants of Banbury are a proud people!

These obstructions had delayed us very considerably, however; and that evening we did not get much beyond Cropredy, the red brick houses and barns of which hamlet looked pleasantly warm in colour after the cold hues of green through which we had been sailing on this smurry afternoon. For the rain was on again.

"Really, I never saw anything like it!" Queen Tita said, impatiently. "I shouldn't wonder if Murdoch went back to the North and told his friends that he had been paying a visit to the lower regions. Do you know what they are called in Gaelic, Peggy?—*I-frauin*, the Island of Rain.* Poor Murdoch! Fancy what kind of a story he will have to tell about this country when he goes back to Tobermory."

"I like these wet afternoons very well," said Miss Peggy, with much content. "They are an excuse for lighting the candles so much the sooner."

"Oh, I think they are jolly!" young Shakespeare asserted, with superfluous energy of conviction. "They are so snug. You shut everything out. You are a little world all to yourselves. When you know that it is raining and miserable outside, it makes it just so much the pleasanter."

This was all very well for a couple of young people who could amuse themselves by playing Ferdinand and Miranda when they chose; but we had come to see what England was like in these out-of-the-way districts, and were less satisfied with being shut up in this pine-wood box. No doubt the little saloon looked comfortable enough when the lights were lit; and the velvet cushions and drawn red blinds were of a cheerful aspect, moreover, we had Miss Peggy, with her banjo, and her bright eyes, and her malice, and her mocking will-o'-the-wisp elusiveness of mood, and her sudden appeals for a frank "making-up" that you couldn't trust too far. Oh, yes, these were pleasant evenings, but they might have been in London. Of course, in London we should not have had the eerie feeling, recurring from time to time, whatever kind of mischief or merriment was going on, that outside were still solitudes, and grey mists, and the solemn gathering down of a voiceless night. For no matter what village or hamlet might be within hail, we invariably chose a lonely, and, if possible, an inaccessible, spot for our moorings. On this particular evening, when Miss Peggy was proceeding to shut out the doleful landscape by drawing together the blinds, she suddenly paused. Then she silently beckoned us to look. Just outside, in the ghostly grey meadow, there was a solitary sheep that had come nibbling and nibbling its way down to the edge of the bank, and with such strict attention to business that it had not noticed this strange object in front of it. Moreover, the meadow was raised somewhat above the level of the water, so that the animal's head, bent to the ground, was precisely on a level with Miss Peggy's head, and only a foot or two off. Nearer and nearer it came.

"Tap on the window," we said to her, for we didn't want the poor creature to be frightened out of its wits.

But the same instant it had become aware that there was something in front of it, it raised a pair of startled and wide-apart eyes only to find that a pair of human eyes were quite close to it, and gazing at it, and then, with a bound into the air—as if it had been shot—it sprang backwards.

"Really," said Miss Peggy, as she drew the folds of the blind together, "I had no idea I looked so ferocious."

Now, that evening was a memorable one, for it proved to have far-reaching consequences. During the day there had been a good deal of idle talking about literary projects, with even some vague suggestion that Miss Peggy might figure in a play or be described in a book; but after dinner on this evening, while as yet there was some wine on the table, and cigars were being produced, and while Miss Peggy's white fingers just touched the strings of her banjo from time to

*She might have added that the Gaelic for stormy weather is *fiach*, which sounds ominously like the German *fisch*.

time, with hardly an audible sound, our young Dramatist, secure of the sympathy of this small circle, and perhaps not unwilling to give himself some importance in the eyes of the two women-folk, unfolded to us the outlines of a far more ambitious undertaking.

"Well, you see, it is only the subject I have considered as yet," said he—and Miss Peggy was so considerate as to stop her tinkling, and listen with serious eyes; "but that seems to me to be striking enough. I don't even know whether it would be better treated in a play or in a book. Perhaps the story couldn't be fully told in a play—I'm afraid the 'unities' would have to suffer, but I will show you what the position is, and perhaps you will be able to help me with some hints. Wouldn't it be fine if I were to write a play, and Miss Rosslyn a novel, as an outcome of our meditations during this voyage? We should all have a hand in them—a kind of joint partnership."

"Please, I want all my profits for myself," says Miss Peggy; "I have to buy innumerable things for my sister Emily before I go back home."

"But the story, Mr. Duncombe?" says Queen Tita, as Murdoch brings in the coffee.

"Well, look what a fine combination this is, whether for a story or a play," Shakespeare, junior, begins, with a certain air of complacency. "You have first a young Italian poet, of noble birth and large fortune, ardent, impetuous, and proud; of striking presence, too—tall and pale, with long, flowing red hair, a splendid horseman—indeed you can hardly tell whether he isn't as proud of his horses as of his tragedies that have already given a new life to the dramatic literature of his country. A more striking figure you can hardly imagine, a man given over to all kinds of passionate impulses and enthusiasms; hurrying from one capital of Europe to another in feverish impatience, generally in a state of delirious joy or acutest anguish over some love-affair, and then seeking for distraction in violent fits of study. Very well, in the midst of this wild whirl of life he is introduced, in Florence, to a young and beautiful Princess, of great accomplishments, fond of letters and the arts, and of the most amiable character. I'm afraid it wouldn't be easy to get a stage-heroine to look the part, for the peculiarity of her beauty is that she has singularly black eyes with a dazzlingly fair complexion and light hair. His own description of her is 'un dolce foroso negli occhi nerissimi accoppiatosi con candidissima pelle e biondi capelli.' Now this is the situation—that this beautiful and amiable young Princess has been taken from a convent when she was nineteen years of age and married to a man she never saw before—a drunken, brutal old reprobate, who ill-treats her cruelly, and makes her life a constant misery to her; and this is the condition of affairs when she meets this passionate and wayward being of a poet who, almost at first sight, conceives for her an exalted and ideal affection very different from his previous amours. They tell a story," continues our young playwright, satisfied to find the two women listening so attentively, "about that first meeting that perhaps might serve as an incident, when one came to arrange the materials. It was in a picture-gallery in Florence. The Princess happened to be looking at a portrait of Charles XII., and said that she greatly admired the costume. What must her new acquaintance do but go immediately and get for himself a precisely similar costume, in which he made his appearance in the streets of Florence, not heeding the sarcasm of his friends, though he seems to have been extremely sensitive to ridicule. That is a mere incident, by-the-way, of course. Well, on her side, the young Princess is at once interested in this vehement, tall, red haired young Count—as she proved afterwards, she was much more than interested, but her husband is as jealous as he is brutal and ill-tempered, and the two friends only meet under the full observation of Florentine society. But, of course, the first thing that presents itself to his mind is the necessity of freeing her from the cruel tyranny that is killing her existence, and here there comes on the scene an Irishman—a gay, adventurous Irishman, who has a nimble-witted wife, and soon they and the impetuous lover have a plot schemed out amongst them to spirit away the young Princess, and get her safely into a convent, so that she may appeal for protection to the Pope."

"But, Mr. Duncombe," Queen Tita says, with rather a puzzled look, "is this a real story you are telling us—or one you have invented?"

"Oh, it is a real story, so far as the facts go," he answered, "Only I thought I wouldn't mention names, so as to leave your minds free from any prejudice or prepossession."

"If you did tell us the real names, shouldn't we understand all the better?" she said.

"At least, the name of your hero—the tall, red-haired poet," pleaded Miss Peggy.

"Why, Vittorio Alfieri!" he said, rather with an air of triumph.

"And the beautiful Princess?"

"The beautiful Princess—she was a bit of a poet, too, and an artist—many a portrait she painted of Alfieri—well, she was Louisa, Princess of Stolberg, and Countess of Albany."

"The Countess of Albany?" Queen Tita repeated; and she looked at him still with that bewildered air. "The Countess of Albany? Then her husband—the man you described?"

"Yes," he said, with a careless laugh, "the besotted old drunkard who used to beat his wife was no other than your 'Bonnie Prince Charlie.'"

He knew not what he had done. In this trumpery search of his after materials for some trivial book or play, he had taken no thought that he might be outraging all kinds of personal sentiments and fondly-cherished associations. Of course, Queen Tita uttered no word. He might describe in what terms he pleased the last of the ill-fated Stuarts—the hapless wretch whom a hundred bitter disappointments dragged down to a miserable doom: she would make no protest. But one of us sitting there, and observing her proud silence, knew this right well—that if the young man who was so jauntily setting out on his play-writing career had succumbed in any way to the glamour of Miss Peggy's eyes, and to the provoking fascination of her wiles and witchcraft—if he had been filling the future with plans and schemes far other than those pertaining to the stage—and if he had been counting on Queen Tita's intercession on his behalf, and perhaps even thinking that she would plead his cause for him, and befriend him, and help him to win that precious prize, then—through this unlucky disclosure of these literary designs of his—he had "wrought for" himself "an irredeemable woe."

(To be continued.)

The General Committee of the Armada Tercentenary have, from a large number of competitive designs for a commemorative statue of Britannia on Plymouth Hoe, selected that of Mr. Herbert A. Gribble.

The annual meeting of the National Indian Association takes place to-day, March 3, at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, when an address will be given by Sir William W. Hunter on "Recent Movements in India." Lord Hobhouse will take the chair at four p.m.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"The Light of Love"—song, by Ciro Pinsuti—is a good specimen of the sentimental style; serious, yet not lugubrious, in expression. It opens solemnly in the mournful key of B flat minor, which is soon relieved by a transition to the major, a recurrence to the original minor key, and another change to the major affording effective contrasts; a good variety being also realised by the varied forms of accompaniment. Messrs. Boosey and Co. are the publishers, as also of the following songs:—"Come and Rest," by L. Denza, the vocal melody of which is extremely pretty, simple though it be; there is a touch of natural expression about it which is very pleasing. "A Mother's Love," by Hope Temple, is flowingly melodious, reminding one, in a few leading notes only, of a popular theme of Donizetti's; the voice part is smooth and flowing and lies within a moderate compass, the accompaniment being varied in form so as to avoid monotony. "In the Golden Long Ago," by L. Diehl, has a genuine touch of sentimental expression in its vocal melody which is available for almost any class of voice, but would perhaps be specially effective if rendered by a sympathetic mezzo-soprano or contralto. Messrs. Boosey and Co. also publish "Voulez-vous?" a pianoforte waltz, by G. Lamothe, in which some bright and tuneful dance strains are well sustained through four divisions, supplemented by an effective coda.

"To Mabel" and "When in the silence of the night" are songs by C. E. Rowley, in each of which some sentimental lines are associated with music of a genuinely melodious and expressive character, eminently vocal in its principal portion, which is well supported by an accompaniment that has somewhat more than the ordinary non-importance of such accessories, without being difficult for the player. Messrs. Forsyth Brothers are the publishers.

"Suite" for pianoforte, by Francesco Berger, is a series of movements—"prelude," "gavotte" (with the customary "musette"), "religioso," "Irlandaise," and "barcarole." In each of these there is an excellent blending of a recollection of antique grace and the more brilliant modern style. The work altogether is both intrinsically interesting and calculated to improve the taste and the executive skill of the student. The very characteristic movement entitled "Irlandaise" (not adapted from a national source, but an original piece) was recently played by the Chevalier Emil Bach (of London) at a State concert at Berlin, and was much admired by Prince George of Prussia, nephew of the Emperor, and an accomplished amateur. The "Suite" is published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.

"Five Romances for Violin and Pianoforte." By G. A. Macfarren (Edwin Ashdown).—We have here a series of pieces (by the late Sir George A. Macfarren, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music) which will be welcome to amateurs of the instruments named. In No. 1, a flowing melody, of a vocal character, is sustained by the violin, supported by a pianoforte accompaniment in which a variety of figure and of harmonic treatment affords effective contrasts. No. 2 has somewhat more the character of a study than of a romance, a large preponderance of triplet passages for the violin affording excellent practice for neatness and rapidity. The third number is an expressive "andante" in which the violin sings a suave melody, with an occasional variety of passages and double stops. No. 4 is of a brighter kind, a theme somewhat in dance style, in six-eight tempo, being given to the violin, which has also some incidental passages of more rapid movement; the pianoforte part having an importance and interest beyond that of a mere accompaniment. The concluding number of the series is an "andante con moto," in which the violin is effectively employed, alternately in smooth melodic strains and in passages of more elaborate kind. All the pieces are well worthy the attention of violinists and pianists, both amateur and professional.

"The Silver Wedding Royal March" is a pianoforte arrangement of a spirited piece composed by Mr. Michael Watson in commemoration of the anniversary of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The music is of a truly martial and jubilant character in its main portions, a trio, in the subdominant key, affording a good contrast by its melodious and tranquil style, the whole winding up with a spirited coda, in which, as in the march itself, frequent trumpet calls are appropriately and effectively used. Mr. B. Williams, of Paternoster-row, is the publisher. From among songs and pianoforte pieces, by the same firm, we may specify the following:—"The Silver Sea," by Ciro Pinsuti, has a pleasant barcarolle character, in rippling six-eight measure, well supported by an appropriate accompaniment. An incidental "Andantino espressivo," and change to three-four tempo, afford an effective contrast. "The Angels' Lullaby," by O. Barri, is serious and impressive, beginning in C minor, with a change to the major, a modulation to A flat, and an effective close in C major—the tempo being also incidentally varied. It is a song offering good opportunities for sentimental declamation, supported by a well-written pianoforte accompaniment, which may (at option) be reinforced by additional parts for harmonium, violin, and violoncello. "Love-Lane," written and composed by M. Watson, has a pleasing piquancy both in the words and the music, which will come brightly after pieces of a more serious cast. "The Pilot's Daughter" is by the same author and composer, and is of a sentimental kind; the cheerful tones of the opening strains being impressively contrasted by the more serious expression of the closing phrases. "Wake, love! awake!" by A. Redhead, has much expressive refinement in its vocal melody, which is well sustained, without monotony, and is suited to a singer with a sympathetic voice. "Advice Gratis," by J. Spawforth, has a touch of piquant humour in its clearly-defined melody, which will prove effective if delivered with due archness.

"Your Voice" is the title of a song by Berthold Tours, in which the tender sentiment of words (by "Christabel") is well expressed in the pleasing melodic strains assigned to the voice, the pianoforte accompaniment being enhanced by the addition of a well-contrasted violin obbligato. Messrs. Wickins and Co. (New Bond-street) are the publishers, as also of a set of violin studies ("High School Series"), contributed to by H. Lawson and E. Brumlen. The numbers which have reached us are well calculated for the promotion of the student's powers of execution and expression.

"The Academic Edition of Pianoforte Music" comprises a series of pieces, published by Messrs. A. Hammond and Co., well engraved and printed on good paper, and issued at very moderate prices. The two numbers which have reached us contain, respectively, a series of "Pensées Musicales," by C. Neustedt, and another, entitled "Album," by C. Bohm. The six pieces which form the first-named collection are all headed with a poetical motto, and each one is in a pleasing, melodious style, alternating between brightness and sentimental expression. All are well written for the instrument, and will enable the player to make a very effective display, without severely taxing the executive powers. The six pieces by Herr Bohm are entitled to similar commendation. Each is headed by a characteristic title, which is well suggested by the music, which offers an agreeable alternation of the bright and expressive styles.



E. MORANT COX

THE LAST SURVIVORS.

DRAWN BY EVELIN MORANT COX.

THE CONQUEST OF BURMAH.

The Coming of the Great Queen: a Narrative of the Acquisition of Burmah. By Major Edmund Charles Browne, Royal Scots Fusiliers (Harrison and Sons).—The British Empire in Asia has obtained, by the dethronement of King Theebaw and the annexation of Upper Burmah, two years ago, what seems likely to be a valuable addition to its vast dominions. The author of this volume had already gained some acquaintance with that country fourteen years before the military expedition of November, 1885, and the occupation of Mandalay by General Sir Harry Prendergast, in which he bore an active part. In 1871, being with his regiment stationed at Thyetmyo, then a frontier town of British Burmah, he went up the Irrawaddy and visited Mandalay, from which he proceeded to Bhamo. His observations at that period, seven years before Theebaw came to the throne, led him to believe that the country would sooner or later come under British rule. In 1885, after service in South Africa and other parts of the world, Major Browne again found himself in Burmah, where he was stationed first at Tounghoo, on the Sittang, and next at Thyetmyo, for the second time, commanding the head-quarters of his regiment. He was at Rangoon in the week of the October races, and gives us a lively and amusing description of those sports, in which the Burmese, the Chinese, and the foreign residents, Asiatic as well as European, take as much interest as our own countrymen. Major Browne was owner and rider of a favourite pony that almost won a well-contested steeplechase, the minute account of which is very entertaining. Upon the announcement of the military expedition, which was prepared at Madras, he got an appointment on the Staff, in the Adjutant-General's Department, and exerted himself to raise and equip a Corps of Rangoon Volunteers, with their horses, to serve as Mounted Infantry. With these he accompanied Sir H. Prendergast's force of about ten thousand men, including battalions of the Liverpool Regiment, the Hampshire Regiment, and the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the 1st Cinque Ports Division of the Royal Artillery, five regiments of the Madras Army, two of Bengal Infantry, the Hazara and Bombay Mountain Batteries, Captain Woodward's Naval Brigade from H.M.S. Woodlark and H.M.S. Turquoise, and two floating batteries with seventy-pound guns and six-inch howitzers. There was no cavalry; and it is to be regretted that Major Browne's offer to increase his mounted force to several hundred men was not accepted by the authorities; for it would probably have been available, from the first, to prevent the growth of irregular bands of local insurgents and predatory "dacoits," the pursuit of which has ever since proved a difficult task for the small detachments of infantry at many remote stations in the Burmese forests and hills. Nor were there any means of land transport. The advance to Mandalay, by the flotilla of steamers and tugs and covered rafts, which conveyed the large number of troops, was a singular military operation, which might not, perhaps, have been effected without serious losses, if King Theebaw's Government and army had been disposed to make an obstinate resistance. This, at least, is the opinion that may be inferred from Major Browne's interesting narrative, though he refrains from criticising the plan of the expedition. He overtook it immediately after the capture of the Minhla forts, which was very skilfully managed; but it seems evident that the Burmese army could, on Nov. 23, have defended their position among the widespread massive buildings at Pagan, the vacant and half-ruined pagodas and monasteries of a large deserted city, and could have inflicted severe injury on their assailants. The artillery

fire on the vessels in the river was entirely futile, and was quickly silenced by the bombardment from the great guns, and by the attack from the Naval Brigade. The Burmese then retreated; and, in going further up the river, above Minyan, General Prendergast was met by the King's state barge, with a message suing for peace, while the Burmese troops at Ava were ordered not to fire on the English. Supposing only that these troops, four or five thousand men, armed with muskets, quitting the batteries and forts, had maintained a running fight, "through thick woods, amongst pagoda walls and ruined buildings," with morasses, thick bush, and long grass to the eastward, the British force, not one man of whom knew the ground, would probably have encountered much difficulty, and must have suffered a good deal. But all is well that ends well; and it may be that the cowardice of Theebaw, or the treason of some of his servants, was accurately known beforehand in the councils of this expedition, which achieved its object with surprising ease and celerity. There is very little real fighting, indeed, or little actual bloodshed, in Major Browne's narrative; but there is much vivid description and pleasant anecdote of Burmese life. The city of Mandalay, the splendid Royal Palace, and the scenes at the interview with King Theebaw and Queen Soopya-lat, and at their enforced departure on board the steamer for Rangoon, are well delineated. Major Browne refutes the statements then made in the newspapers about disorders alleged to have taken place at Mandalay on that occasion; it is not the fact that a mob of Burmese women plundered the Palace, or that any of our soldiers misbehaved themselves. He went on, further up the river to Bhamo, with the General and headquarters, on Dec. 18, and he mentions our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, as one of his travelling companions in the steamer Pulu. After their return to Mandalay, the Viceroy of India, with Lady Dufferin, and Sir Frederick Roberts, came to view the newly conquered province, and on his departure told the Burmese that they had become British subjects under the rule of Queen Victoria. The compilation by Major Browne supplies, in a concise shape, much exact information concerning the past and present state of Burmah and of the adjacent countries. The skeleton of Burmese history, occupying his first forty or fifty pages, might as well have been placed in an appendix; for most English readers, we should think, it only begins to be interesting with the war of 1824, which resulted in the cession of Assam, Arracan, and Tenasserim to our Indian Empire, with the commercial ports of Rangoon and Moulmein. Our second Burmese War, in 1852, by which the province of Pegu was conquered, is also narrated in detail, followed by the diplomatic mission of Major Phayre, in 1855, and the curious ceremonial at the interview with the Mendoon King in the former capital, Amarapura. The treaty of 1862, the mission of Colonel Fyche in 1867, and other transactions of a pacific character, which failed, however, to satisfy the interests of the mercantile community at Rangoon, are duly noticed. In the latter part of this volume will be found a tolerably complete account of the different native races, the Shans, the Chins or Khyins, and the Kakyens, subject to Burmah, who inhabit the districts to the east, west, and north of the Irrawaddy valley; the people of the nearest Chinese province, Yunnan, part of whom are Mohammedans; the heterogeneous population of Siam; and the nations of Annam and Tonkin, recently subdued by the French. It is needful to take into consideration all these diverse portions of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, with a view to form a correct estimate of the position of Burmah in relation

to its neighbours; and to see how the acquisition of secure dominion on the banks of the Upper Irrawaddy, and of the highlands above the Sittang and the Salween, promises henceforth to command a safe route of profitable trade with Western China, without entailing upon us, it may be hoped, the temptation to further aggressions in a direction to the east. The independent Shan tribes dwelling in the rugged tracts of country between Burmah, Siam, and Tonkin, should form a barrier, preserved as long as it is possible, against injurious interference by foreign Powers with this important commercial route; and it is the interest of China, as well as of England and India, to maintain the policy which has been undertaken. The views of the writer of this book, with regard to the immediate future prospect, are summed up very agreeably in his concluding remark, that John Chinaman thus addresses John Bull: "Me very glad you come too near us, Johnny. Now we coming plenty friend. Each help other to make plenty money. Each help other to fight all de world. Shake hands, Johnny!" The volume is adorned with a dozen beautiful illustrations in photogravure, and is furnished with three maps.

THE LAST SURVIVORS.

Shipwreck, among the most awful experiences to which human life is subject, presents many tragic scenes, which the painter and the poet have vied with each other in placing before the eye and the mind of those who dwell in comparative security on land. The pathetic interest of this theme is inexhaustible; for, in the complex structure and equipment of a vessel, in the diversities of position and character among the crew and passengers, and in the different effects of the sea and storm, of rocks or of accidental collision, that may chance to bring destruction to the frail fabric which carries so many of our fellow-creatures, and whose ruin leaves them to perish in the merciless great waters, there is room for the utmost variety of incidents appealing to our deepest compassion. One of the most affecting that can be imagined is the situation of those on a raft which has perhaps been left, when the ship was sinking, and when her boats were swamped by the furious waves, bearing "the last survivors," exposed to the continued rage of the elements, still to drift, while still alive, over the boundless expanse of ocean, unable to direct their course, with a wretched substitute for a sail to keep them before the wind, in the faint hope of being seen and picked up by another vessel. The fate of their late companions, who would in a few minutes descend to the bottom, and whose sufferings would then be past, may have been envied by these helpless persons during the long days and nights of anguish that kept them between life and death. They were provided with a barrel of fresh water, but it might have been torn from its lashings at any hour, and whirled away by the sea that would often beat over their raft, threatening to wrench its timbers asunder. Their little store of food could hardly suffice to maintain their strength. There is no shelter from the wind and rain, from the drenching billows, or from the scorching sun at noon, if the weather should change, and a calm might be not less terrible than the storm, for they are destitute of what nature requires for support. We often read of such distress. Happily, in the instance delineated by our Artist, the sufferings of the man and woman afloat on their raft are just about to be relieved. Their fluttering rag, more of a signal than a sail, has been observed on board a vessel which is now approaching to rescue them, and her boat has already put off, mounting the crest of the waves. The shipwrecked sailor is rousing his female companion from her prostrate despair, and in a few minutes they will be saved.

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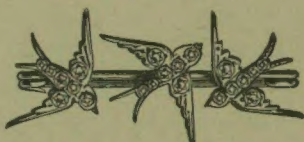
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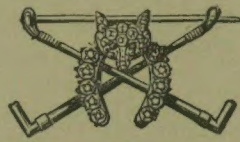
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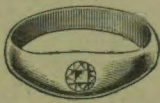
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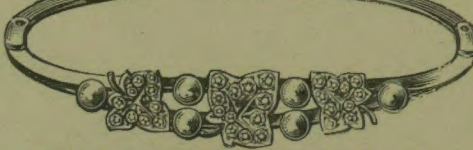
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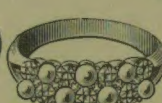
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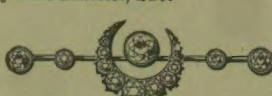
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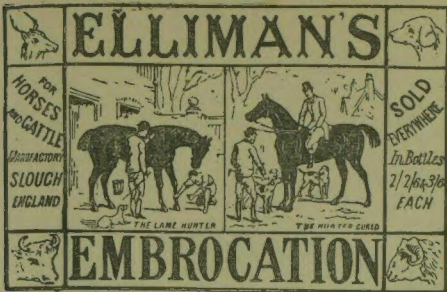
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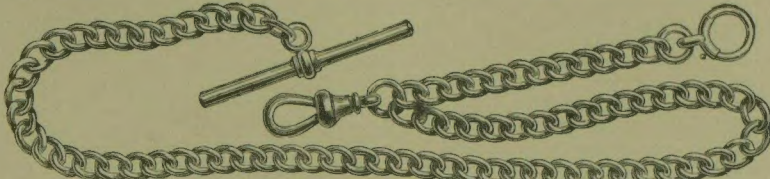
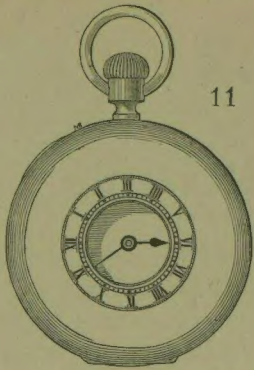
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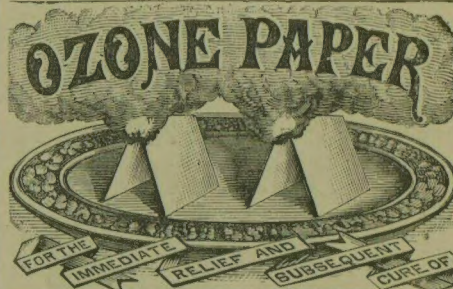
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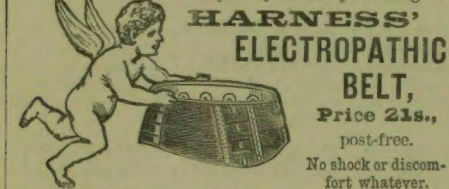
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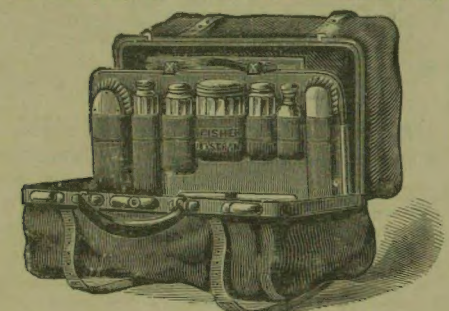
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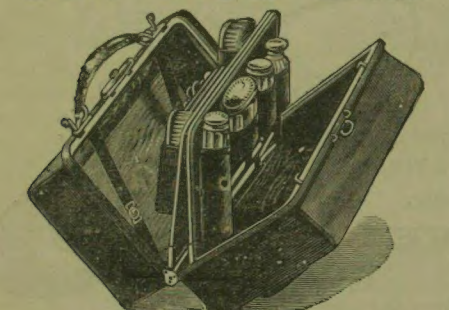
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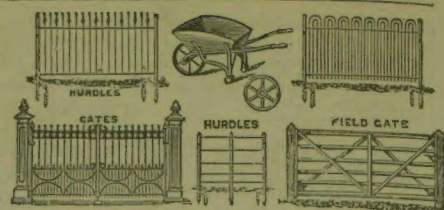
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